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CHARLTON



PUBLICATIONS

Sick

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH

KING KONG

"I'M MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE"

DUMB ADAMS SCREEN TEST

BAD MOUTH BEARS

PLAY: WELFARE ROLL

CB SICKNESS



GRANDENETTI

DANGER!
DO NOT TAILGATE
EXPLICITIVES

A SICK BUMPER STICKER

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SICK

THE MAGAZINE THAT WAS NUMBER 2... FIRST!

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SICKCERELY YOURS



Dear Editor:

I have a problem that I hope you can help me with. It's my boyfriend, Philip. Ever since Philip discovered your magazine on the newsstand, he hasn't paid me much notice. Everytime we're alone together, and just when the mood's right, Phil pops out another issue of SICK!

This is ruining our relationship. What should I do? Even Ann Landers was confused. By the way, I'm not a bad looking girl. My measurements are 38-28-38.

Linda Harper
Philadelphia, Pa.

ED: Listen, why don't you drop that Philip, Phillip, Phil or whatever you call him and contact us! Okay, 38-28-38 ... er, Linda?

...

SICKies:

Your humor is so labored, you oughta join a union!

Richie LaCosta
Queens, New York

ED: We tried to join the sanitation men's union, but they wouldn't have us!

Dear Sick People:

Issue 110 was Madly Funny.

Only two more things to say: Why don't you sell SICK at Wa Wa? Keep up the good work and I'll keep getting SICK!

A New Fan
John Erkert
Upper Darby, Pa.

ED: That's three things, John. And we did try to sell SICK at Wa Wa, but they said Na Na!

...

Dear Editor:

I'm on of those quiet ones, too shy to enroll in that Famous Writers course. Nevertheless, I have been writing regularly and wish to be published. I am hoping you may give me a lead as to where to sell my material.

Truly yours,
Dale Essex
Tamal, California

ED: One of our writers, Dale, advises that you try our competitors, LOOK and LIFE MAGAZINES!

...

Dear Sicks:

I work at a nuclear-

reactor plant in Palo Alto, California, and spend my lunch break reading SICK. Reading SICK can be a worthwhile experience, especially if you work in a nuclear-reactor plant in Palo Alto, California! I mean, I'm not a scientist or anything special. If you want to know the truth, I'm just a janitor. Sometimes, though, I fill in for one of the safety engineers if some one is ill or doesn't show up.

Anyway, we have sort of an "in" joke around here. It goes like this: "What do you have if you swallow uranium?" Ans: "Atomic ache!" Could you do anything with this?

Sid Marshall
Palo Alto, California

you to say about that!

Mike Roth
Brunswick, New Jersey

ED: About what?

...

Dear Sirs:

I am told that "Fig" Newton's last, (and unpublished) law of motion states that

There is no gravity ... the whole world (CENSORED!)

If you can use this bit of dubious wisdom, please feel free to do so.

I enjoy your publication very much. Thanks for making my life a somewhat happier experience!

Sincerely,
Lee Ball
New York City

Dear Sick Editors:

Being of questionably sound mind, I would like to make the following statement:

1. Your artwork is terrific.
2. Your satire is brilliant.
3. Your audacity is unbelievable.

Delores E. Goode
Waupaca, Wisconsin

ED: What are you talking about, Dolores?

...

Dear Editor:

Why the heck do you people waste your talent and time with this rag? Why aren't you in Hollywood with the rest of the seven-year olds? I'd rather see SICK than read SICK! What have

ED: You're welcome! By the way, we've got one of New York City's biggest fans in this issue—King Kong! Think you can put him up for a few nights?

...

Dear Editor:

Me and my friends decided to write you this letter. We are in the hospital, and the doctors and nurses are boring us. We need some excitement. We are sick because we read your magazine.

Would you please call us and tell us that we'll make it?

Signed,
Jim, Gean, Bill, Rick,
Steve, Tom, Scott,
Chuck, Frank, Rhonda,
Judy, Kim, Barb, Dave,
Don, Ellen, Fidel,

Harry, Tony, Marcia,
Cindy,
Tammy, Sandy, Sue,
Shirley, Lori, Shelly,
Carl, Red, Bonnie,
Craig, Greg and last
but not least, Wendy
Sullenberger and Robin
Hiltz
Chicago, Illinois

ED: *We called, but we
couldn't get through.
Seems we asked for Jim,
Jim said "Hold on,
here's Gean!" Gean said,
"Hold on, here's Bill!"
Bill said, "Hold on,
here's Rick!" Rick said*

ED: *Which reminds us
why we didn't become
doctors—we couldn't
take those "eternity
calls!"*

...

Dear Editor:

Let me congratulate
your staff on the terrific
magazine they put on. I
think it's a fantastic
book! After I've read one
issue, I just can't wait for
the next one to come out!
Why don't you publish
monthly? Or better yet,
weekly! Even daily!

I don't know how you
do it!

Peter Frost
Mission Beach, California



ED: *Neither do we!*



Dear SICK:

Now that summer is
here, great numbers of
people will be taking off
for vacations. May I pass
on some advice to you
people at the typewriters
and drawing
boards?—Take the rest
of eternity off!

Slow Boil in Boise

Campaign Trail '76

The tour also included a parade through downtown Transylvania's torch-lined streets.

Dracula, Wolfman and Frankenstein were invited to the U.S. for an upcoming Monstor election.

Dracula accepted the invitation on the provision that he gets a tour of the entire Red Cross blood donation units throughout the United States.

This morning, Ford, Reagan and Carter left Transylvania with noticeable weight loss, pale complexion, and deep hickeys on their necks...

We found this article in one of those foreign newspapers, *THE TRANSYLVANIAN NIGHTLY*:

Campaign Trail '76

Special to the TRAN- SYLVANIAN NIGHTLY

Presidential campaigners Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan, took the campaign trail tonight to Transylvania, where they met with Dracula, Wolfman and Frankenstein.

The campaigners toured Transylvania and were houseguests

of Count Alucard.

Jimmy Carter visited Dracula's dentist and had his teeth checked.

Ford conferred with Frankenstein on the Transylvania energy crisis. Frankenstein demonstrated his transistorized neck plugs to Ford, who got a

charge out of it.

Reagan traded jokes with the Wolfman and both shared a howl.

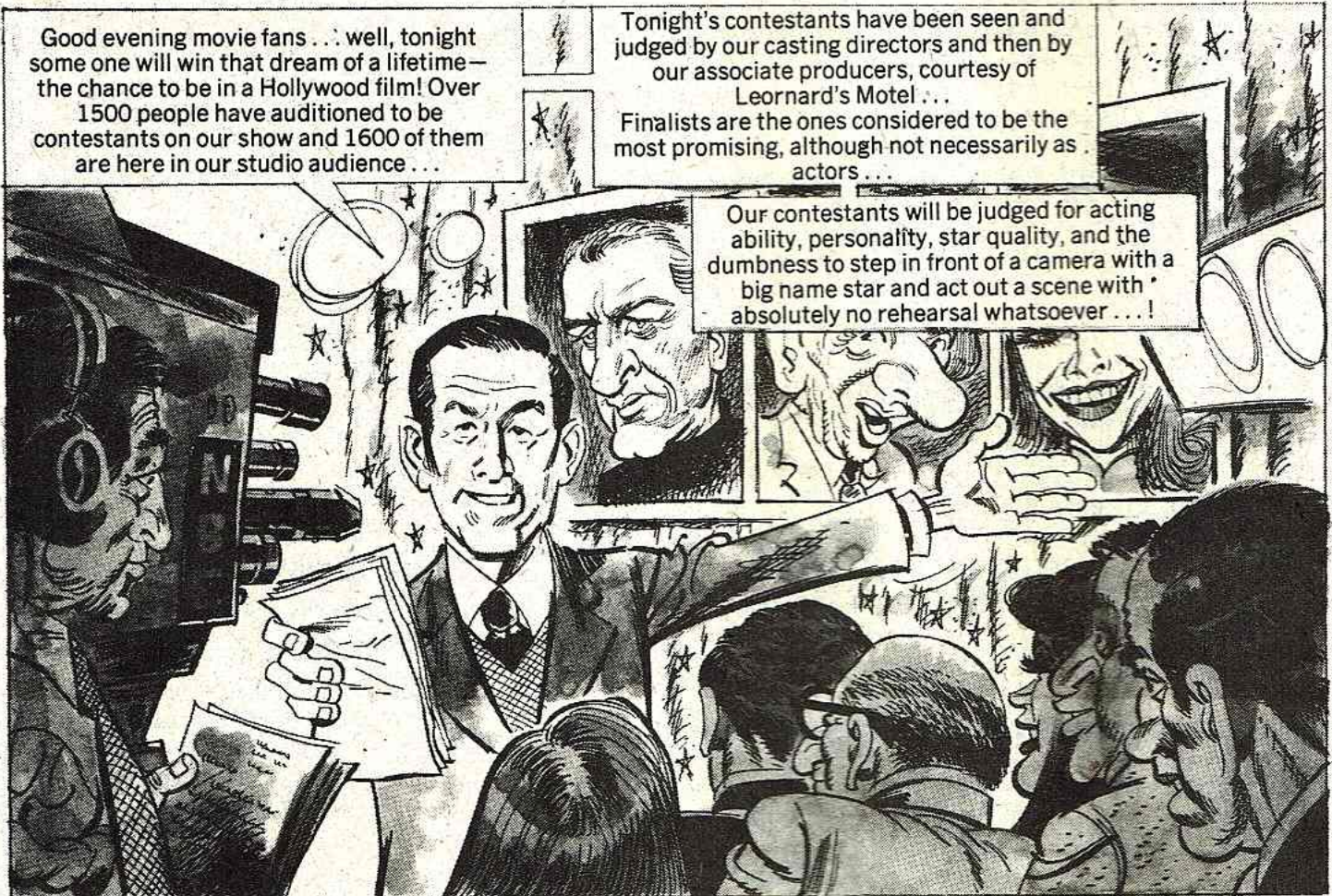
The tour ended with an extravaganza at Castle Dracula. Ford, Carter and Reagan were present with their wives, while Dracula, Frankenstein and Wolfman accompanied their own ghouls.

One of the more popular television shows is THE DON ADAMS' SCREEN TEST. For every program, an amateur is called down from the audience to recreate a famous film scene with a famous actor. This is usually a funny show ... but here's a version you'll never see ...

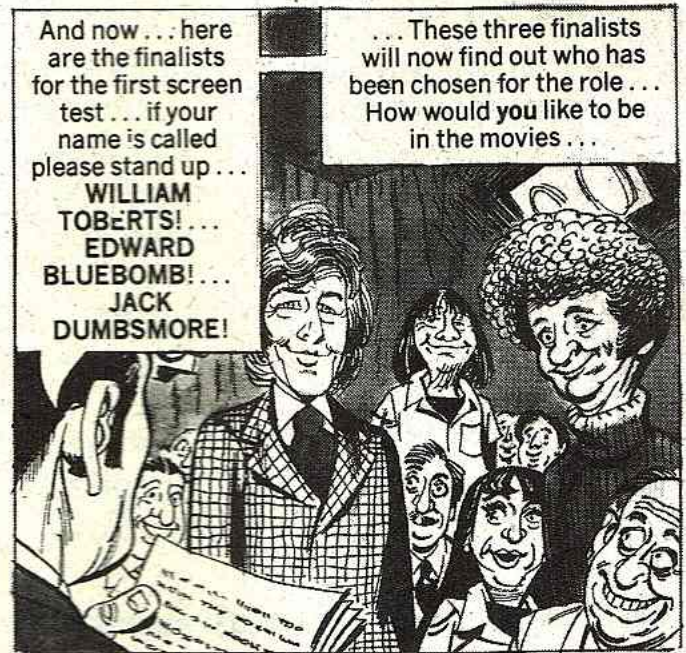
DUMB ADAMS' SCREEN TEST

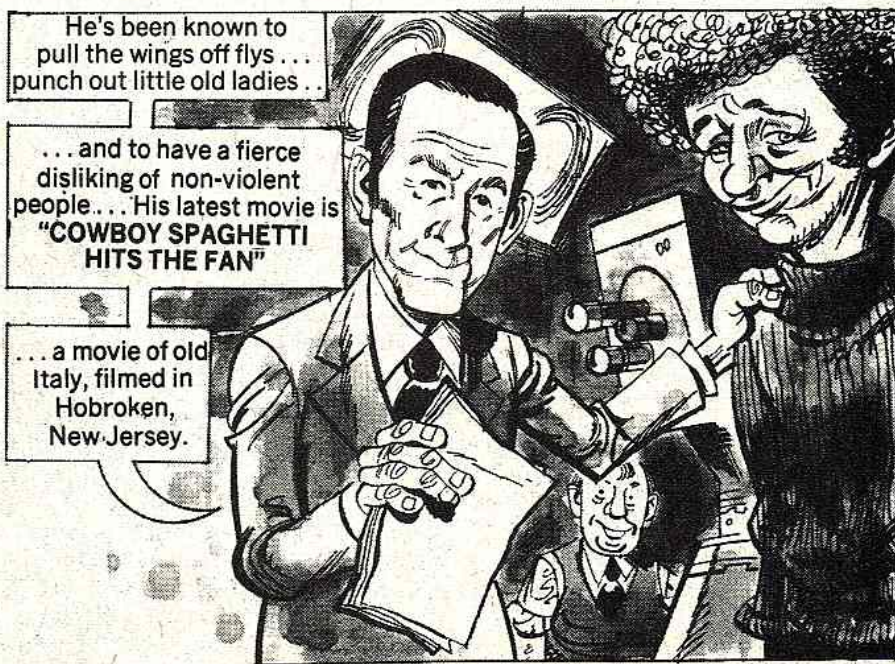
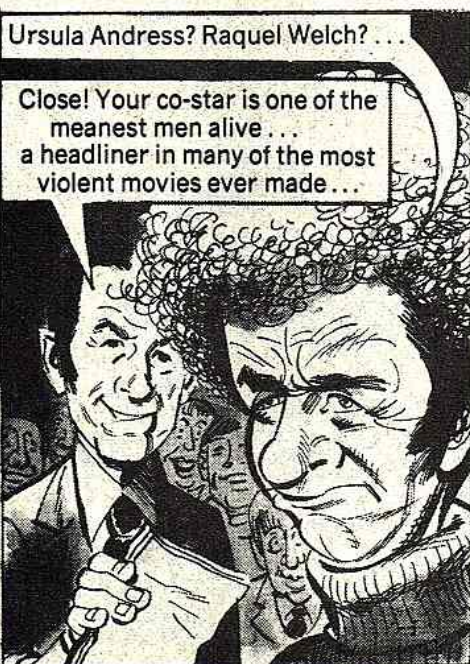
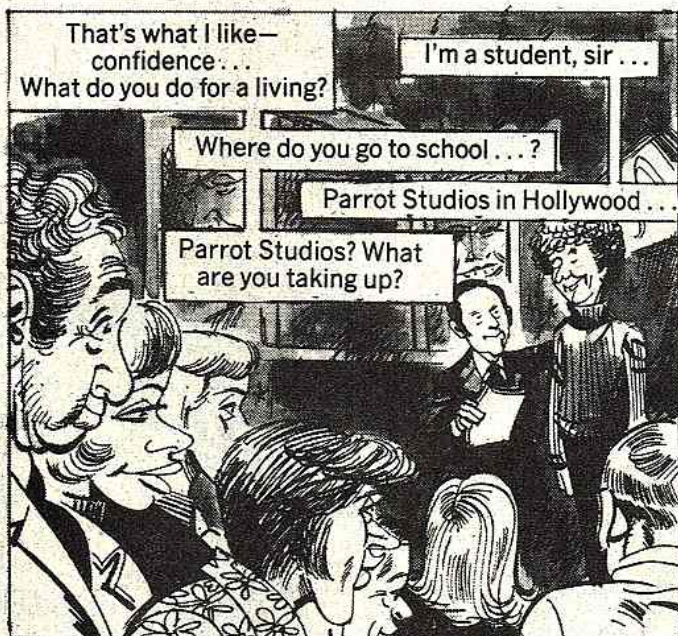
Written by Jim Simon

Art by Jerry Grandenetti



JERRY GRANDENETTI 76





Ladies and gentlemen,
meet Mister ...
CLUNK EASEWOOD!!!



Good to see you
again, Clunk ...

Clunk, I'm gonna show you a clip from
the scene you'll recreate tonight for
your screen test—



Yes! ... Well, er ... Clunk ...
calm down, now, fella—

Don't be afraid, kid ...
he's a pussycat ...

I'm a what!

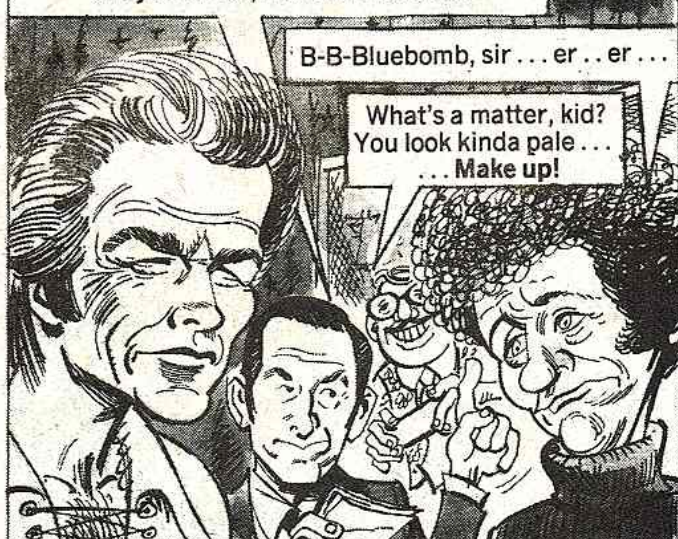


Nothing, Clunk ...
honest ... forget it, buddy ...
And now the film ...

... the scene we are
about to see is from
the classic **"SOMEBODY
UP THERE LIKES ME"**
... the movie about Prize
fighter Rocky Graziano's life,
starring Paul Newman!
I'll be
directing the screen test ...!



Great! Super film! I can see by the grin on Clunk Easewood's face that he agrees! Now ... are you all set, Edward Bluebore!



Ursula Andress ...
Raquel Welch ...

All right, Eddy baby ... !
This is your big chance
Now here
are your scripts ... and
good luck.



Ladies and gentlemen, we are
ready for our first screen test ...
Take your places, and ...
... lights, camera, action ... !

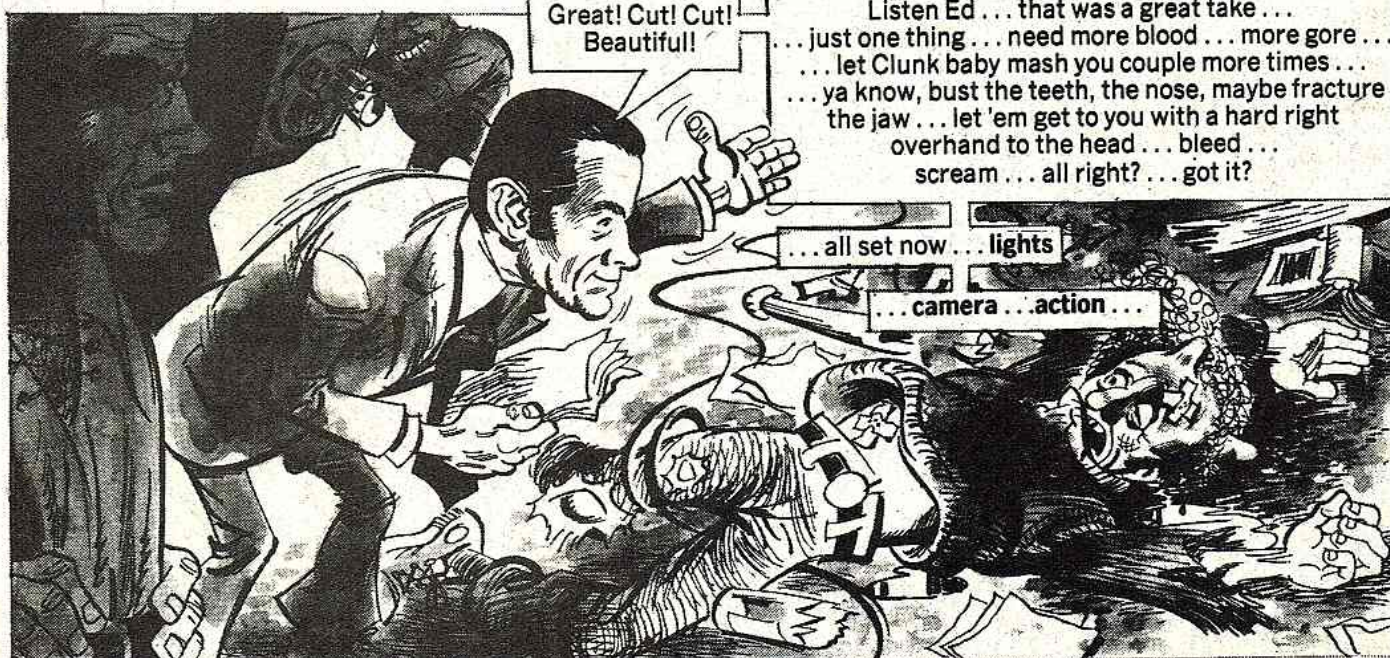


Great! Cut! Cut!
Beautiful!

Listen Ed ... that was a great take ...
... just one thing ... need more blood ... more gore ...
... let Clunk baby mash you couple more times ...
... ya know, bust the teeth, the nose, maybe fracture
the jaw ... let 'em get to you with a hard right
overhand to the head ... bleed ...
scream ... all right? ... got it?

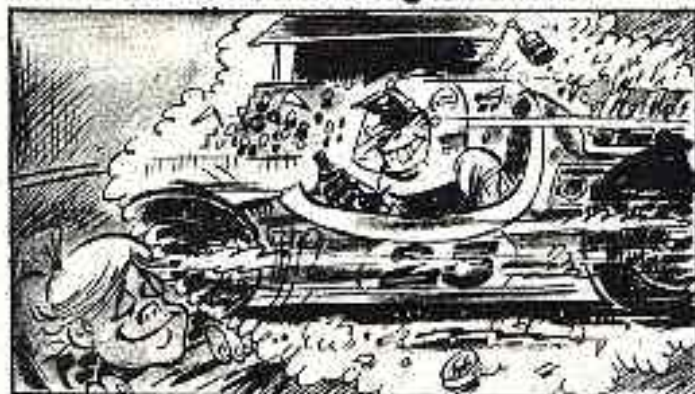
... all set now ... lights

... camera ... action ...



THE DREAM

THE DREAM: A Racing car driver



THE REALITY: A Taxi driver



THE DREAM: A Hollywood Pool Designer



THE REALITY: A Cesspool Builder



THE DREAM: A Magician



THE REALITY: A Safe Cracker



THE DREAM: A Tightrope Walker



THE REALITY: A Streetwalker



THE REALITY

Art by Dave Manak

THE DREAM: An Artist



THE REALITY: A Housepainter



THE DREAM: A Master Thief



THE REALITY: A Cop



THE DREAM: An Army Commander



THE REALITY: A Boy Scout Leader



THE DREAM: A Novelist



THE REALITY: A SICK writer



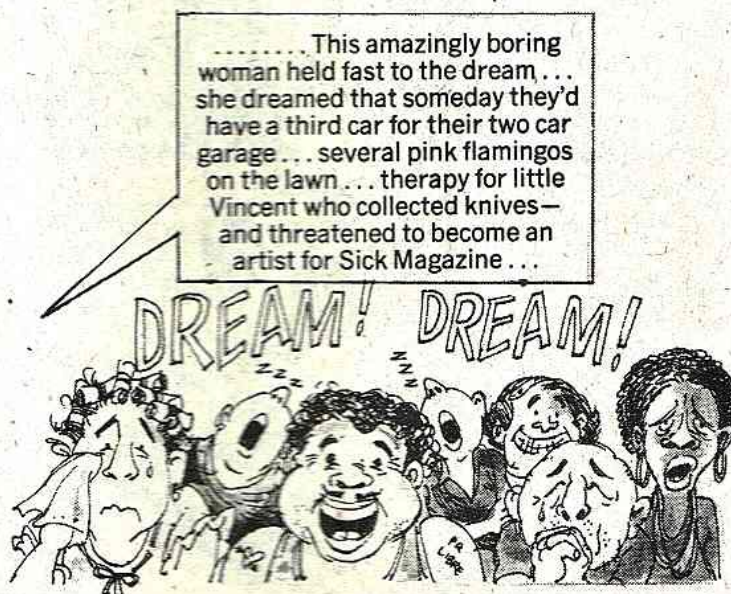
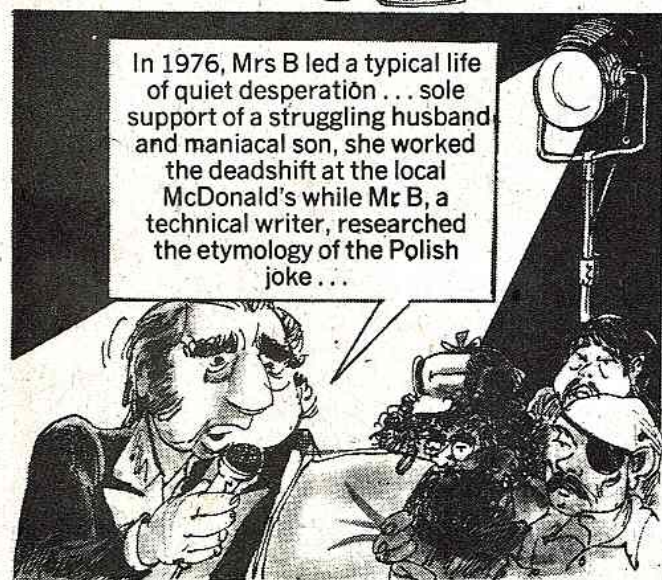
MANAK

The fall television lineup this year promises another revolting season. This is because the guys in the Hollywood offices don't hire the funny guys who write for this mag. Someday they'll get desperate. We'll get a call. Our show will be so sick you'll throw up . . . We plan to call it—

WELFARE ROLL

Written by Jim Simon

Art by Nonoy Marcelo



... a brave woman, Mrs. B struggled, refused help from relatives, too proud to accept charity ...

... and then ... Mr. B finished his book, accepted a professorship at Poland State U ... little Vincent sold an obscene painting and moved to Greenwich Village.

Mrs. B became the country's first swine flu victim ...

... another sick middleclass life ... but now this commercial ...



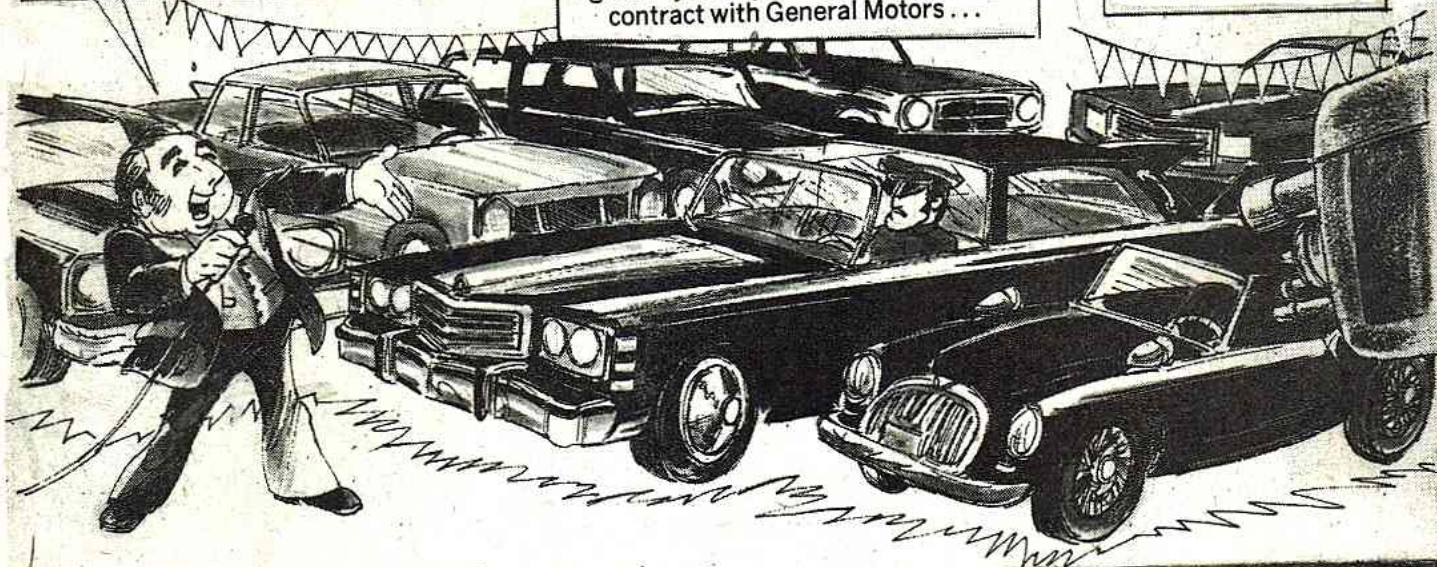
'PROUD!'
'PROUD!'



Hi There! You at that age where the kids are grown? Outta the house? Just you and the little woman hangin' on?

Listen, come on down to ART GAWFUL's CARFULLs—and get yourself that new automobile you've always dreamed of! Tell your friends business is really great—you've just signed a two year contract with General Motors ...

But a great deal great car at ART GAWFUL's CARFULLs!! Come on down!



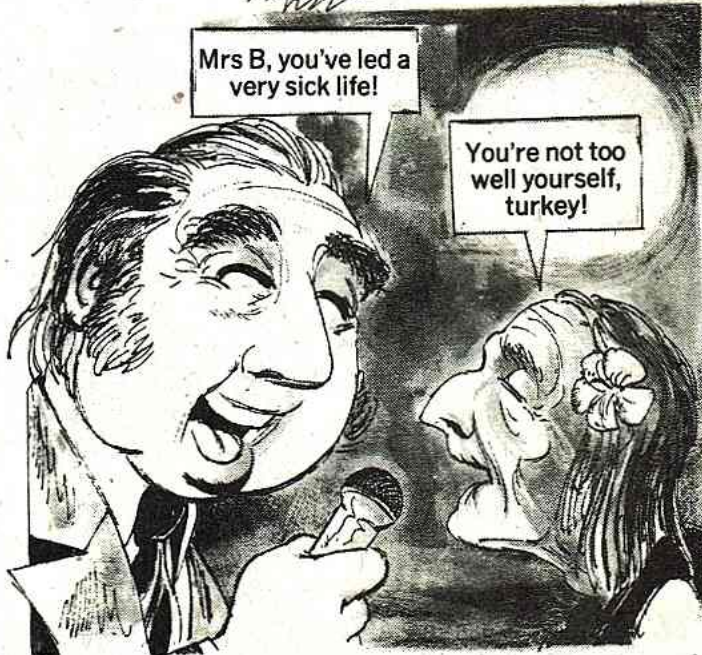
And now ... let's meet our First Lady of WELFARE ROLL ... Mrs. B!!!

T'ank you berry much ... t'ank you ...

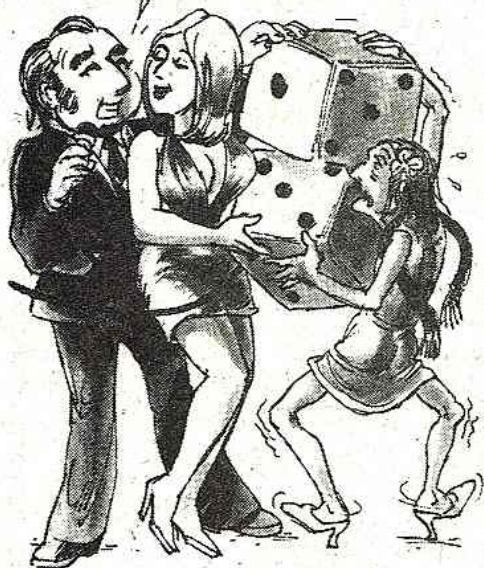


Mrs B, you've led a very sick life!

You're not too well yourself, turkey!



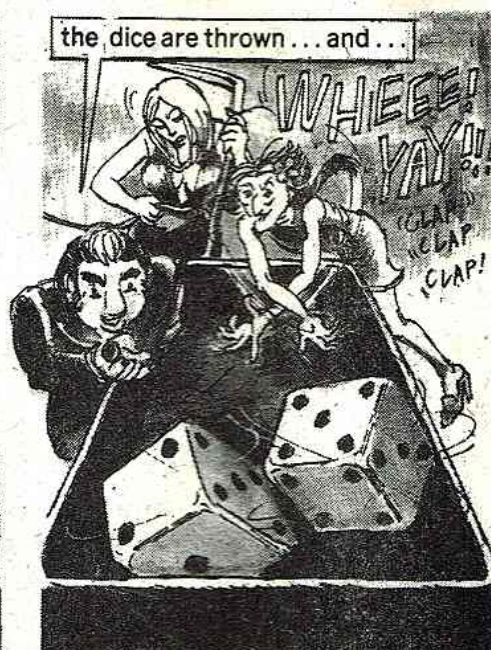
You know the rules of our game.



here she goes ...



the dice are thrown ... and ...



Congratulations! Your dice in life finally game up Lucky Seven! You've just won a place on the biggest money-giving craze sweeping the nation!

Your wonderful sick story has swept its way into America's heart! Now you can tell the middle-class—the so-called good life—to kiss off! Tonight, your name—along with millions like you—wins a place on ... W-E-L-F-A-R-E-R-O-L-L!!!!

Color t.v., new cadillacs ...

My nefew in Jersey sed I shud getta tousand dollars for this here show ...

I gotta sweep the nation?

T'ank you ... I get a color t.b., maybe ...?

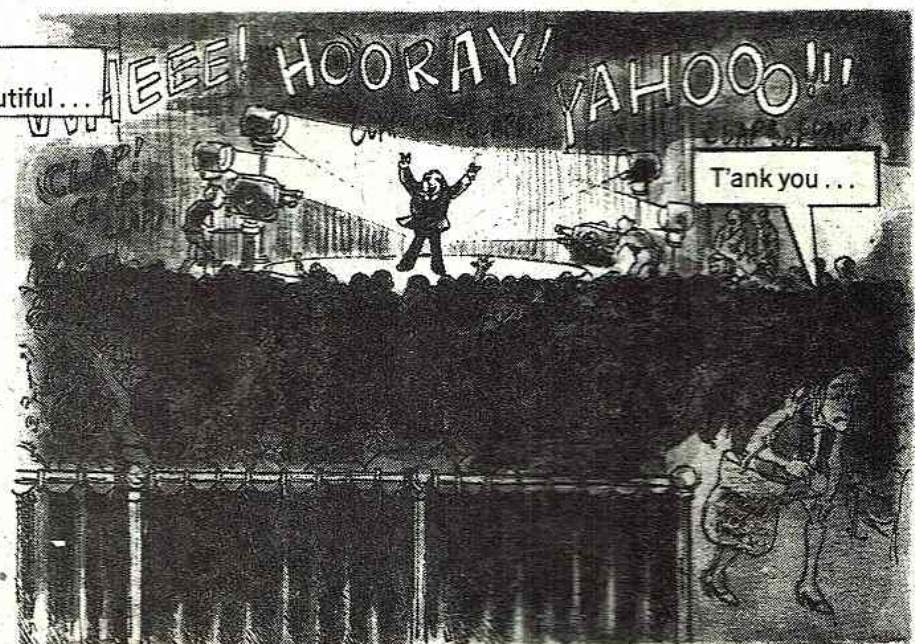
YEHEHAY!!!
CLAP CLAP CLAP!



Mrs. B! Lovely! another really sick winner, ladies and gentlemen ... beautiful ...

YEEEE! HOORAY! YAHOOO!!!

T'ank you ...



IF KIDS RAN FOR PRESIDENT

Kid Campaign Letters

To who It may Concerns:

Hello. How are you?

My ~~name~~ ^{name} is WALDO. I would like very much that you vote for me. **You** want to know what I would do if you **vote** for me? I'll tell you what I would do. I would make school start in the afternoon only. Then you can sleep late. I think I would let there be school only on rainy days, also. THEN you can play baseball & do things that are fun, instead of having to go to dumb school...

Signed, **WALDO**

HAW HOW...

MUMMY WANTS ME TO EAT CRUMMY food! Wittle GREEN THINGS ALL SOGGY AND OOWYEE! **YEECH!** If I were ~~PRES~~ **PRESIDENT** I WOULD MAKE MUMMY SERVE ME ONLY GOOD STUFF- WIKE CAKE 'N SODA 'N CANDY!!

ALSO, I WANNA EVERYBODY to vote for me! **WHY?** BECAUSE! if I'M NOT **PRESIDENT**, I'LL HOLD MY BREATH 'TILL I TURN BLUE!

Signed,

PATZY

DEAR PEOPLE:

MY NAME IS REGGIE. MY DADDY OWNS THE BIGGEST HOUSE IN TOWN. WE ARE VERY, VERY RICH. WE JUST BOUGHT A NEW CADILLAC. I BET MY ALLOWANCE IS MORE THAN YOURS, I HAVE MY OWN TEN SPEED BICYCLE. DADDY HAS PLENTY OF MONEY TO BUY ME WHATEVER I WANT. I WILL BUY YOUR VOTE.

HOW MUCH?

Signed, **Reggie**

My fellow Citizens:

George Washington, the father of this great country, once told a lie. A simple lie, but a lie nevertheless. AND **PRESIDENT WASHINGTON** wasn't punished for cutting down his father's cherry tree.

Why, you might ask. Because George held the axe in his hand when he admitted the lie to his father... I think I'll buy myself an axe...

Signed,

Tricky Rick





SHOESTRING DISASTERS

Disaster movies are still smashes at the box office! Epics such as "Towering Inferno," "Airport '75," "Earthquake," have been followed with disaster movies such as "Jaws," "Alive," "The Day the Earth Stopped!" And the trend toward big-budget disaster flicks continues to go strong! Which is all fine and well for the producers who have the money to make these blockbusters—But what about the struggling, low-finance film companies? How do they cash in on this lucrative market? SICK predicts you'll soon see some of these up and coming...

Written by Bill Majeski

Art by Jerry Grandenetti

BRING ME THE PASSENGER LIST!

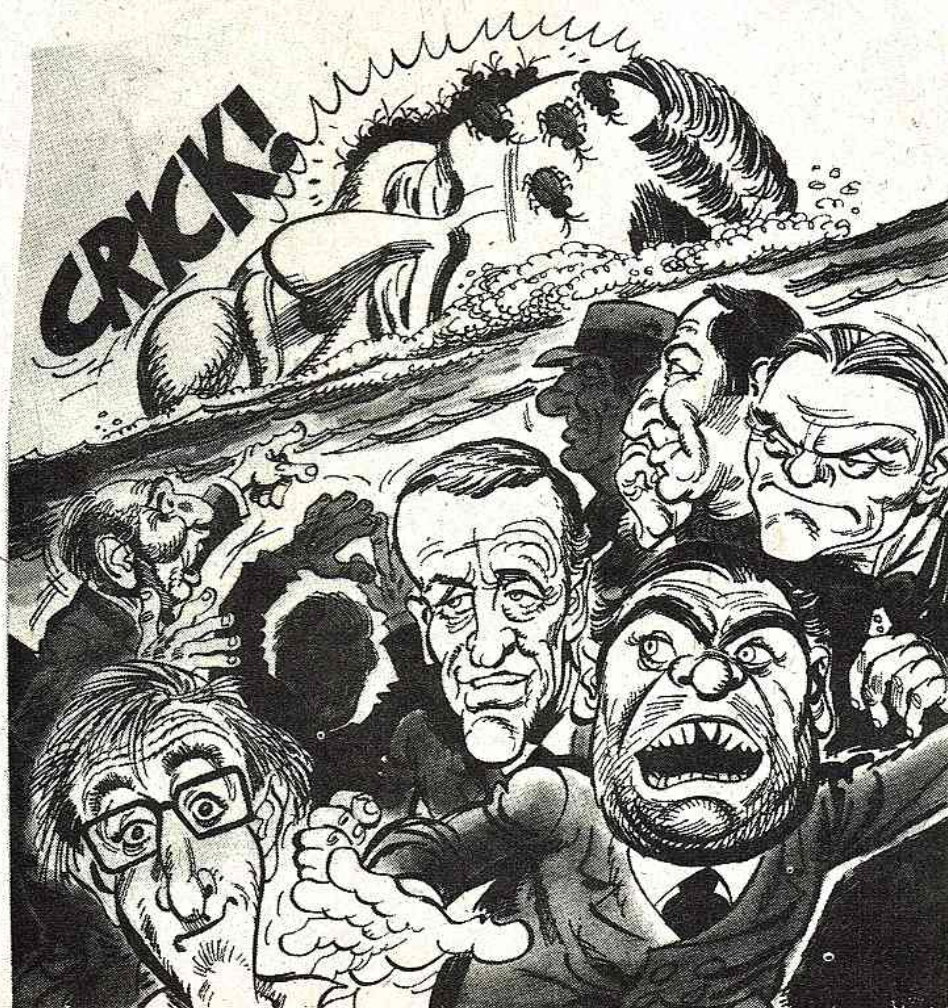
Described by associates as the type of guy who would bring noisemakers and funny hats to the Dinner Party, producer Rance Gusto created a who-shall-survive film about the crash of a Piper Cub, leaving 14 tourist passengers stranded atop Mt. Rushmore. Details of the story line weren't available, but it can be noted that screen credits will be given to Acme Cutlery Company, Tidy-Clene Paper Napkins and Sweet Breath After-Dinner Mints.





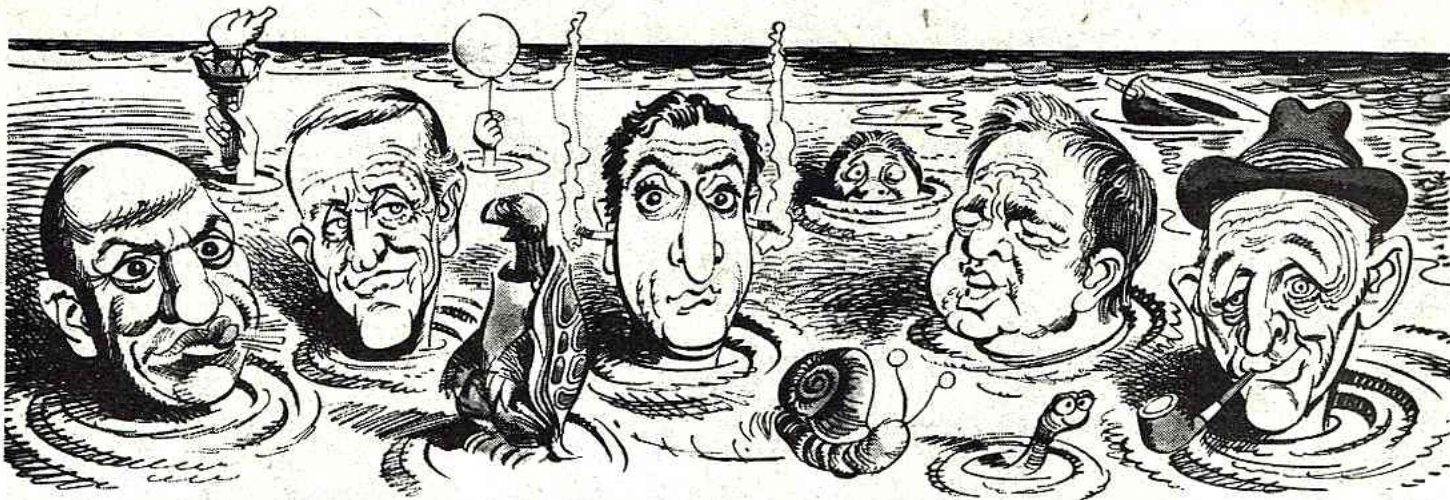
SHAKE

"We can't afford a real earthquake," said producer Al Shimner, "but we've got a doozy of a tremor caused by 75 elephants who leap enmasse off a brick wall after seeing a mouse. This will rattle the crockery right off your shelves. We don't have the budget to wire seats, but we've hired a batch of alcoholic midgets with morning-after shakes to sit on patrons' laps during the climactic scenes. Preview cards show 80 per cent favorable responses, 14 engagement announcements and two quick marriages."



BUGS YOU BET

A sympathetic look at our crawling friends describes how they confiscate a salt water taffy factory and eat the Atlantic City boardwalk. Big scene occurs when they overpower a wax replica of John Wayne, float him into the Delaware River and use him to ferry their troops to their target. Itching powder in the popcorn and on the towels in the lavatories put the audience in the proper mood.



BURIED ALIVE AT FIRE ISLAND

A sudden sandstorm whips up and buries a batch of merry bathers up to their necks in sand. Played against a sprightly musical score, vivid flashbacks tell the sordid tales of the trapped individuals who describe their falls from grace and the societal rejection which led to their banishment to Fire Island. Audience involvement: A team of dancing ditchdiggers come in from time to time and toss wet sand down the backs of the theater audiences.

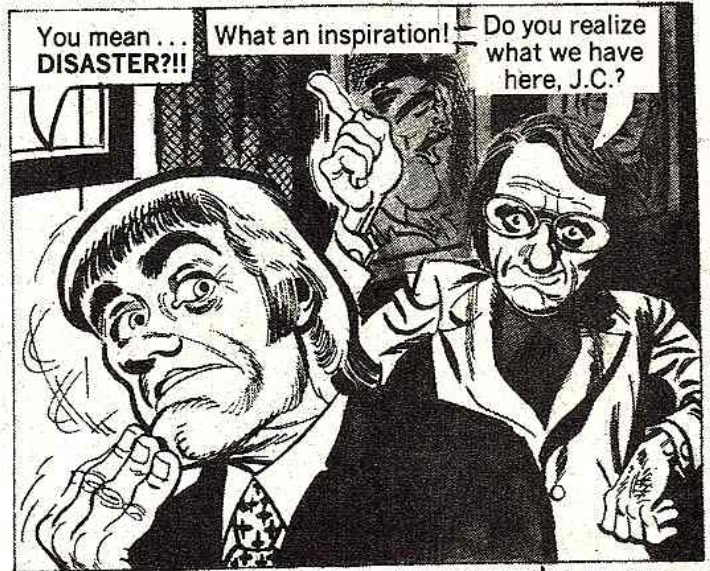
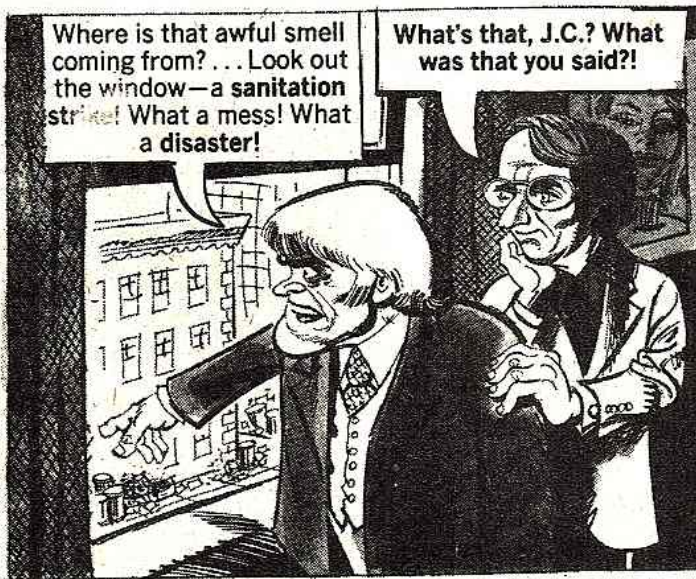


LIPS

A demonic man-nibbling guppy creates havoc as it terrorizes a New England seaside resort at the height of the tourist season.



For audience participation, Fissner Studios will have a team of unmarried ushers who will kiss viewers lightly, simulating guppy bites, corresponding to the action on the screen.



THE STRIKE CONTINUES TO GROW... AND SO DOES THE GARBAGE



**FINALLY—THE ULTIMATE DISASTER PICTURE—
ALL DONE ON A VERY LOW BUDGET. . .
THE TITLE: NEW YORK CITY.**



It is a trade custom for authors to appear at book stores where they autograph their books for buyers, and answer questions in an effort to get on the best seller lists. Our reporter was present at one of these boring sessions, and heard the following conversation . . .

Autograph party

Sir, did it take long to write this book . . . ?

About five years—Three years research and two years of complete isolation.

That's what I call dedication!

That's called the Vice Presidency.

Former President Nixon said your book is 'brooding, clever, and filled with tragic irony . . .'

The Candid Confession
Spiro T. Agnew

Murphy

Who could believe him?

YOU FORGET TO AUTOGRAPH MY COPY, SPIRO!

How do you explain Macgruder and Ehrlichman also writing novels . . . ?

All our lives we had just one ambition . . . to become novelists. We only did the White House shtick for background . . .

Do you think a novelist has to be a born writer?

Yes. It helps to be born.

Recently as a guest on MEET THE PRESS you refused to discuss your involvement with Watergate . . . Did former President Nixon order you to keep your mouth shut?

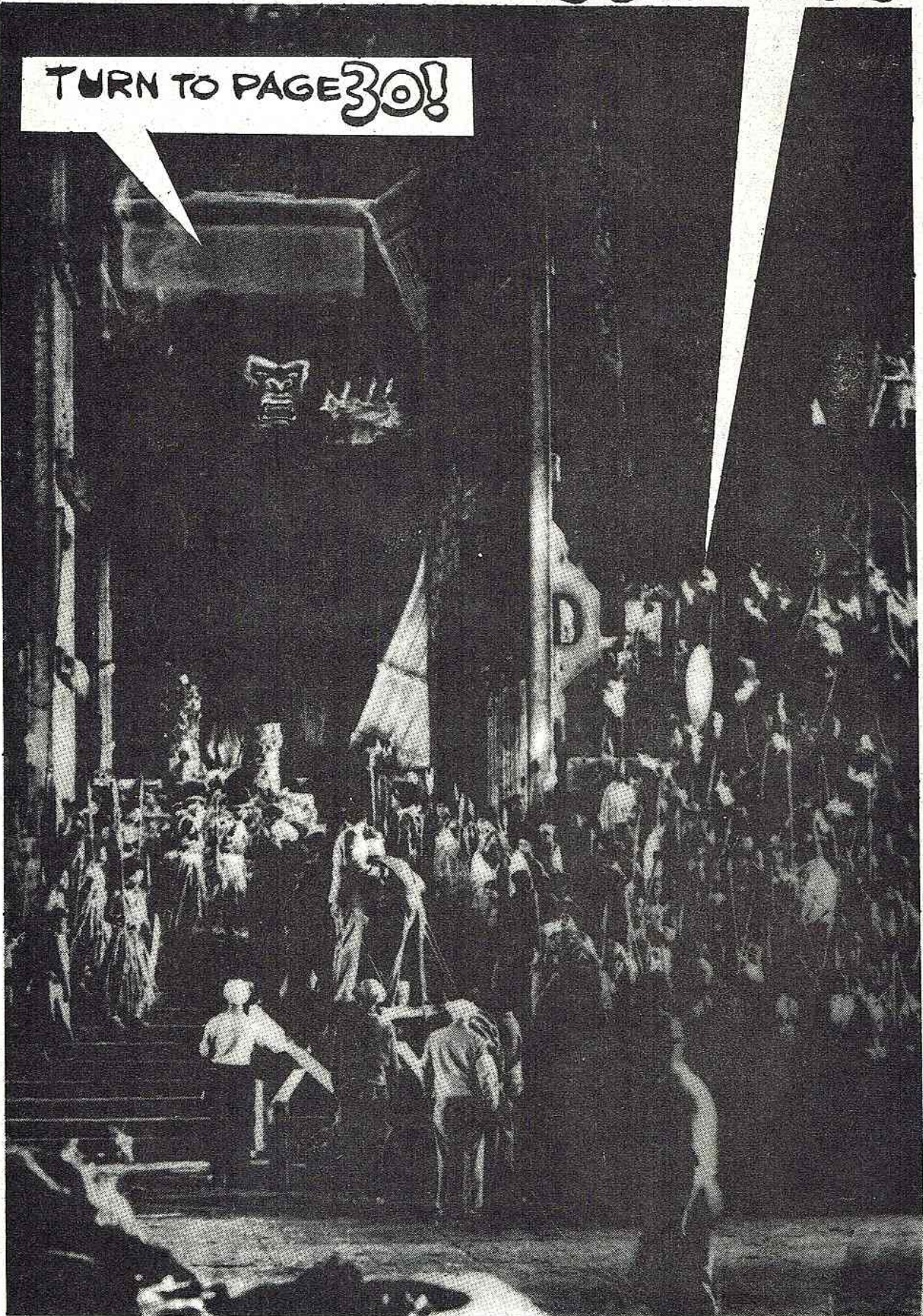
No. My publisher did.

Your publisher . . . ?

I'm writing my memoirs . . . He's afraid I'll blow the plot!

WHERE'S THE PARTY, **KONG!**

TURN TO PAGE 30!

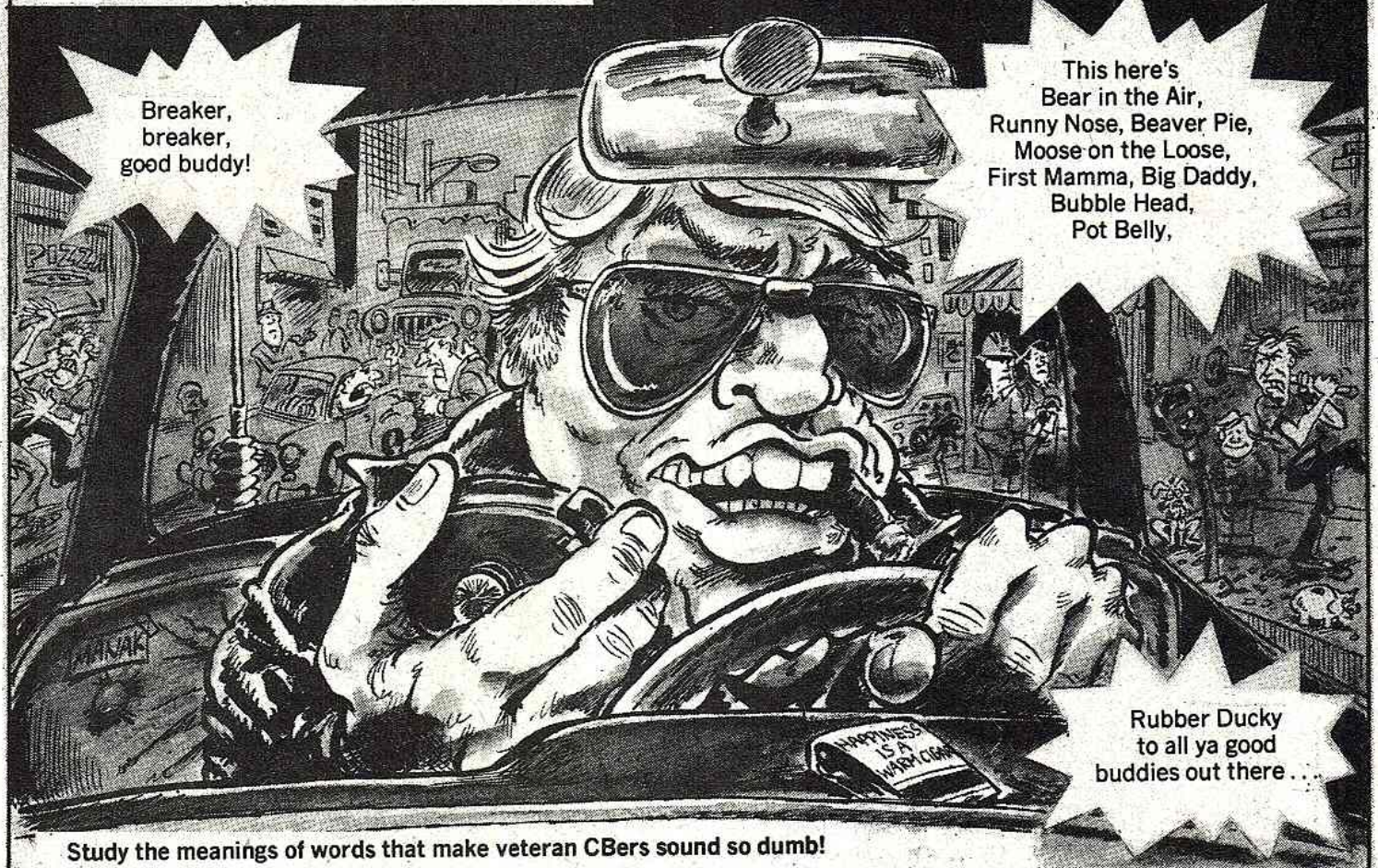


CB Sickness

More than 5 million people are into CB radio. After this article, 3 or 4 illiterates will be into it!!! with apologies to the FCC

SICK's
How-to CB
Guide

You'll need to know CB words and phrases ...



Breaker,
breaker,
good buddy!

This here's
Bear in the Air,
Runny Nose, Beaver Pie,
Moose on the Loose,
First Mamma, Big Daddy,
Bubble Head,
Pot Belly,

Rubber Ducky
to all ya good
buddies out there ...

Study the meanings of words that make veteran CBers sound so dumb!

Written by Jim Simon

Art by Dave Manak

You'll also have to know current FCC regulations ...



Heck! No one's gonna pay attention to any rules—
so let's forget about this section!

Many CBers keep logs of contacts, handles,
channels, dates, call letters, and other
conversations ...



These people are probably in the blackmail
business!

Some folks get into CB because they have a friend who's already in it...



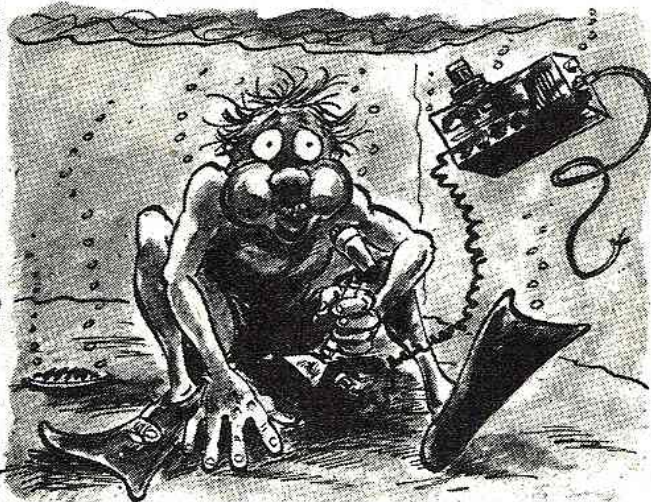
"It" often being 2-4 years behind bars for broadcasting in blue language!!

The first time on the air, talk to some one you don't know...



That way, friends won't laugh at how dumb you sound.

You might rehearse off the air a few times...



The bottom of a filled swimming pool is a good place for this!

The first time on the air, it's easy to get tongue-tied...



Therefore, keep your tongue inside your mouth—and your mouth shut!!

LET'S ASSUME YOU ARE A STRANGER IN A NEW TOWN AND HAVE NEVER MADE A CB CONTACT BEFORE.

The first step is to listen for a CB party...



Then get yourself over there, quickly!!



YOUR FIRST ON-THE-AIR MIGHT GO LIKE THIS:

Break,
channel 15



Wait until you make a
contact. Then say:

How about you,
Lovely Lady?



The response from the other party might be
something like this:

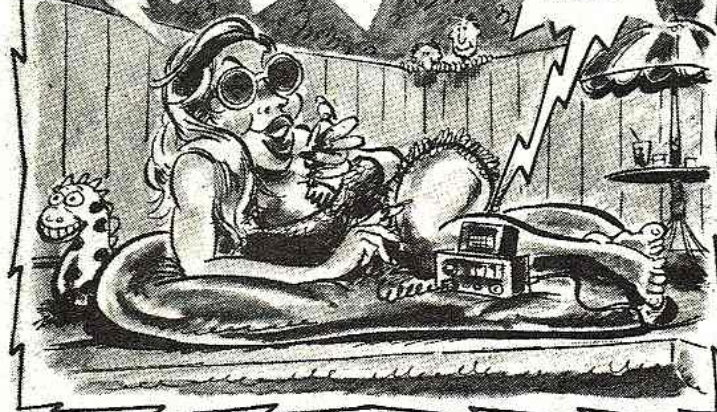
Who ya calling
Lovely Lady, ya no
good bum! My name's
Wayne! John Wayne!
I'll bust ya in
the mouth!



AT SOME POINT, A SEXY VOICE MIGHT COME OVER YOUR CB . . .

Hi there, good buddy!
This here is 36-26-36!
I'd like to modulate
a while with you!

WOW!



At this point, we recommend you take a cold
shower!!!



NOTE: Someday you might want to be President.
Some one once said CB is how Richard Nixon
started . . .



After this SICK article on How to CB, you should
be in the swing . . .



Mainly, swinging from a tree while an outraged
crowd furiously smashes your CB to pieces!!!!



10-4... 10-4... 10-4...



It's Rubber Ducky...!



Just what I need—
a backseat C.B. barker!!!



Last time I ask a
C.B.-er for a good
place to stretch out...!

Sick CB



I never knew C.B. Radio
could be so much fun...!



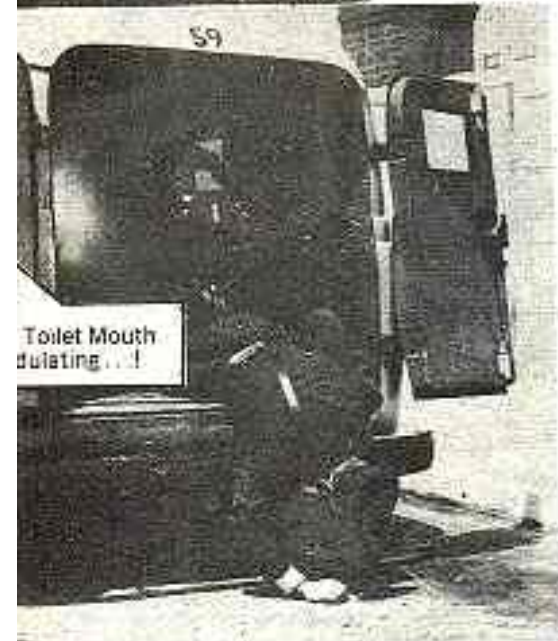
Oh, no!
is mod



You mean all I gotta do is
press your nose and then
say, "Hey good buddy, this
here is..."



Sorry there, good buddy...
Must've got our
channels crossed...!



Shut up, nurse—I think
it's a wonderful place
to install a C.B....!

FATHERS

Art by Dave Manak

He's a man of a few words ...



... but his wife never lets him use them.

He brings home the bacon ...



... and she keeps serving him TV dinners.

He has a suit for every day in the week ...



... the one he's wearing.

He runs things around his home ...



... the lawn mower, the dishwasher, the vacuum cleaner.

He wears the pants in the house ...



... under his pink and blue apron.

A great outdoors man ...



... that's where he sleeps after a fight with the wife.

& MOTHERS

She can spend hours on the phone ...



... even if it's a wrong number.

She likes to write ...



... checks, checks and more checks.

She can keep a secret ...



... for about two minutes.

She's a good driver ...



... now she just runs into cheap things.

She can dish it out ...



... but she can't cook it.

After all, they make an ideal couple ...



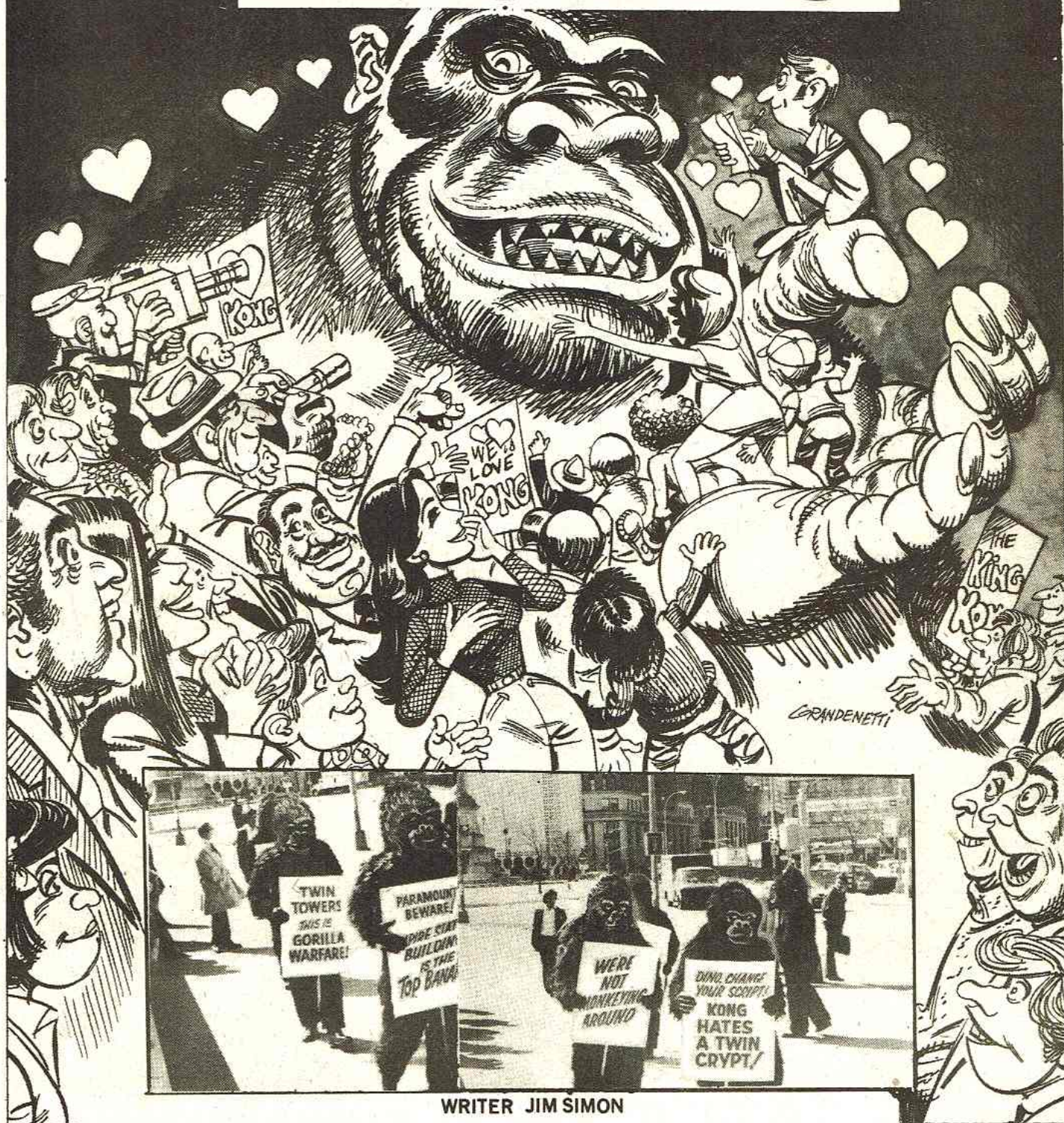
... he makes the money and she spends it. (Quickly)

Good news, movie fans... King Kong is making a comeback! At this very moment, two film companies are busy shooting in Hollywood... And as soon as the cameras arrive, they'll start filming. As far as we know it's going to be the same old movie, except instead of King Kong climbing the Empire State Building, he'll climb New York's World Trade Towers! It's our guess they'll

use the old King Kong, too—a new hairpiece, some pancake makeup, we'll never know the difference!

No matter how you feel about King Kong, you've got to admit he's a star... a very big star... and he deserves star treatment... like a fan magazine of his very own... We'll call it—

KONG



WRITER JIM SIMON

How do you bug King Kong?
You hide a transmitter in his ear!

Why doesn't King Kong play basketball?
He can't find a pair of sneakers his size!

Why does King Kong get heartburn?
He has a rough time digesting the forks and spoons he swallowed!

What goes BAM BAM BAM every March 30th?

King Kong in an Easter bunny suit hopping across the front lawn!

Who's the world's most feared coward?

King Kong the Hairy Chicken!

Name a famous bald gorilla?
Kojack!



What makes King Kong run?
Prune juice!

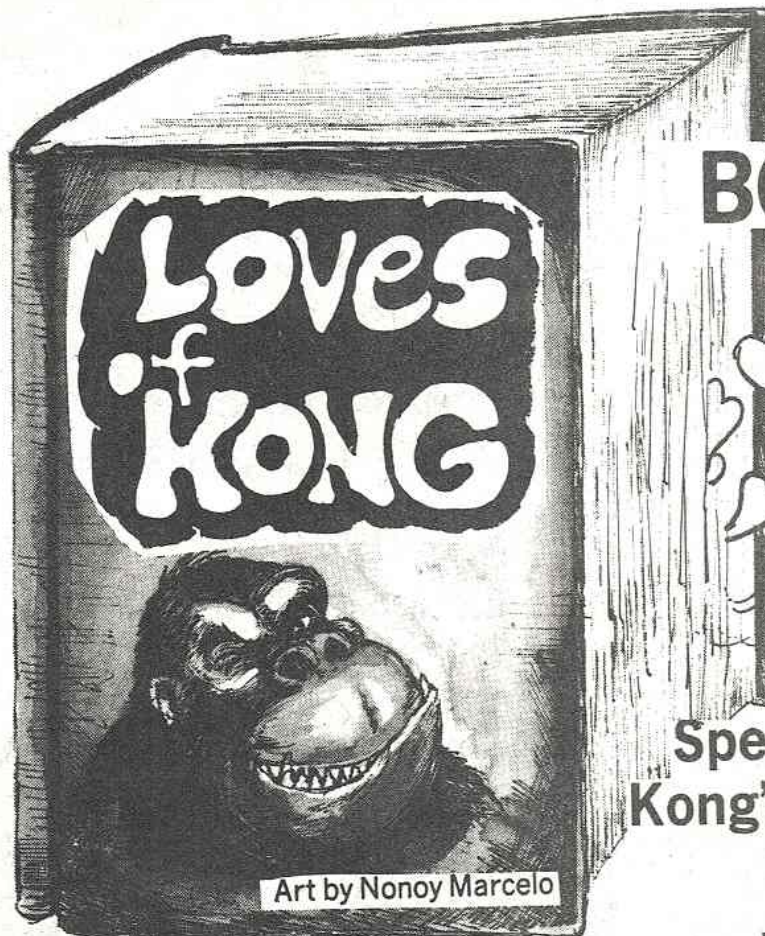
What does King Kong live in fear
of?
Baldness!

What do you call a King Kong
with weak wrists?
Queen Kong!

King Kong couldn't get a girl-
friend because he didn't know
how to do the monkey!

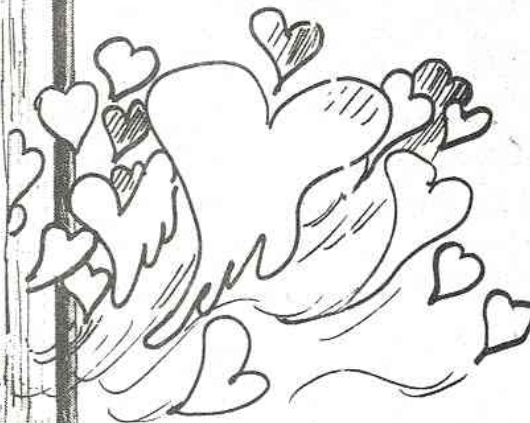
Why did King Kong jump off the
Manhattan Bridge?
He wanted to go swimming!





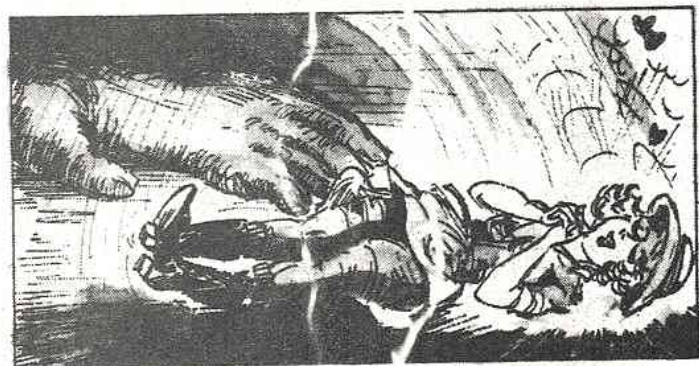
I was a country ape at heart ... couldn't take the New York City nightlife!

BOOK REVIEW —



Special: Excerpts from King Kong's Stand Up Comedy Act!

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF KING KONG

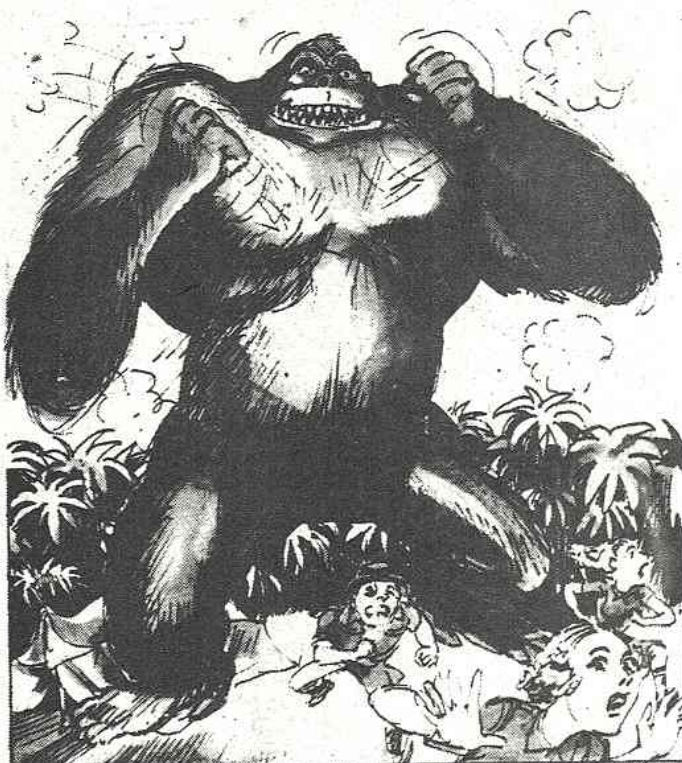


It was faint-hearted love at first sight ... Fay's first sight of me, she fainted ...



Fall came ... the leaves turned brown ... It was time to say goodbye ... I tried ... I just couldn't say it — ... couple of grunts, that was about all I could manage ...

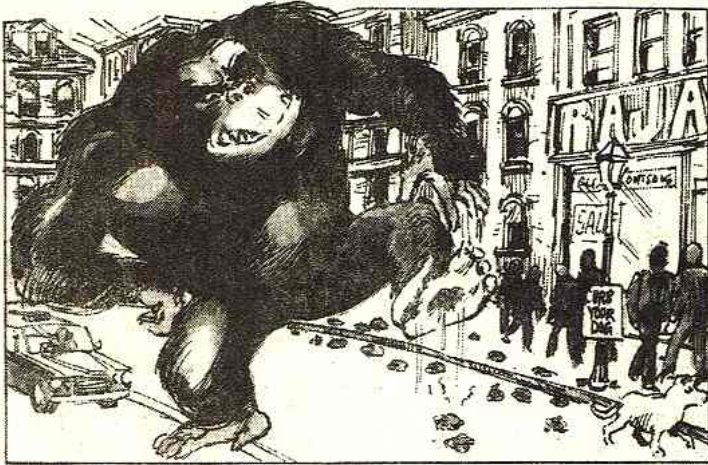
Fay said, "Come to America" ... She said, "the streets there are paved with gold" ... "Sure," I answered, "but are there bananas?"



I first met Fay in Africa. Her parents were very rich and sent her there to summer camp ...

I was a counselor. Tree climbing, chest pounding ...

I guess you could say I was a nature specialist ...



I went ... We crossed the ocean ... Came to New York ... True enough, the streets were paved ... but not with gold ...

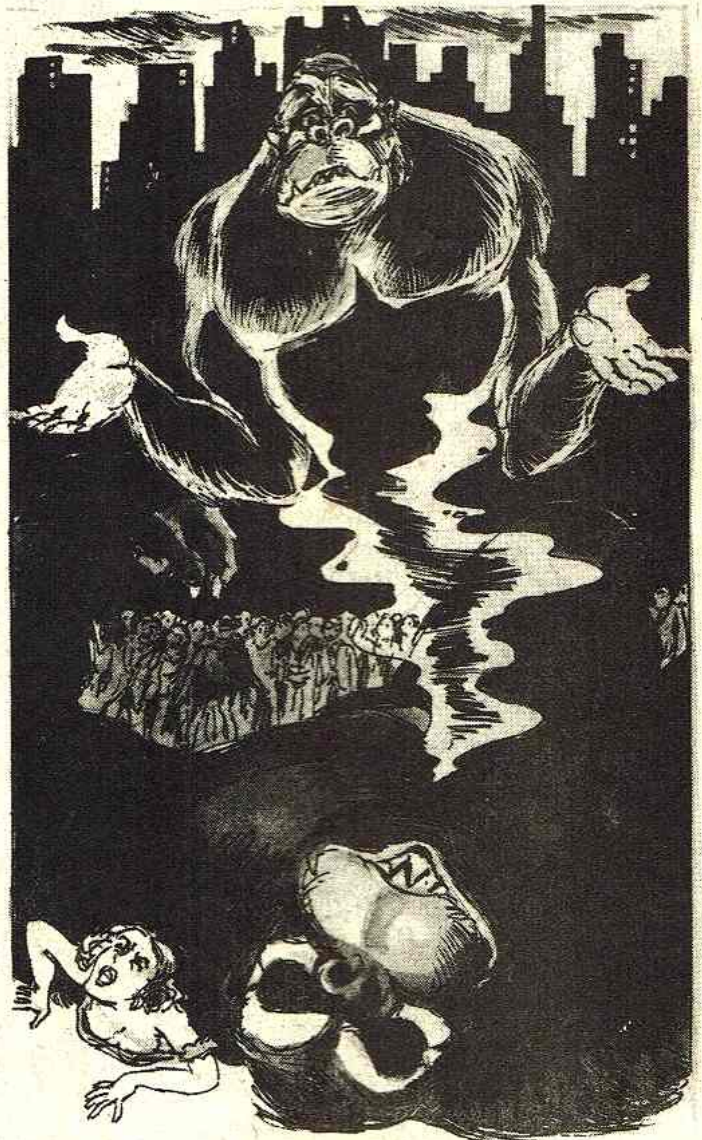


At first, times were rough ... Fay and I got an act up and landed a job playing piano ... It was a great act ... Played "Beautiful Dreamer" as the piano was lifted into the air ... The audience went wild when they saw Fay lifting the piano ...



But I got tired of the act ... Couldn't take the strain of hitting those keys, night after night ... Fay got upset ... She accused me of no ambition ... Said I'd never make it to the top ...

That evening I climbed the Empire State Building ... It had a lousy view ...



Although I had Fay in the palm of my PAW, I knew I had to let her go ... It meant the end of the act ... the end of our love ...

People think it was the airplanes that killed me ... Actually, it was the air pollution ...

Also love ... I guess you could say I just fell for Fay ...

SCRAPBOOK OF SUMMER CAMP PHOTOS

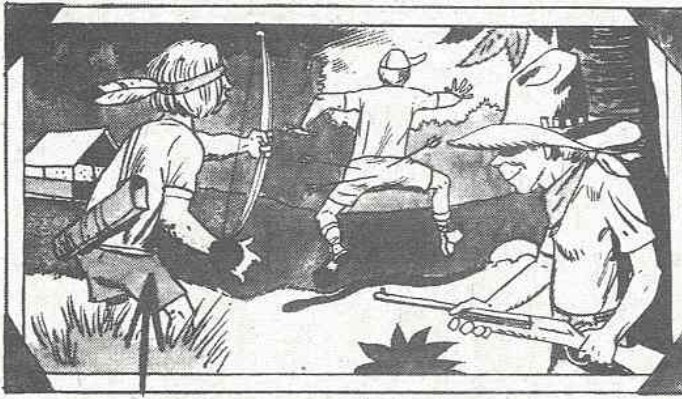
Art by Dick Ayers



This is counselor Fenkin. My friend Ronald asks to borrow Fenkin's matches. Fenkin wants to know why. Ronald tells him about Billy. Billy swallowed the corn before we could pop it. We have to light a fire under Billy.



This is me. I am crying. Counselor Fenkin tells me to stop. I am crying because Fritz Dumbskull broke my telescope. Fenkin says he'll speak to Fritz. Ha. Ha. Fritz can't talk right now. I broke my telescope over Fritz Dumbskull's head!



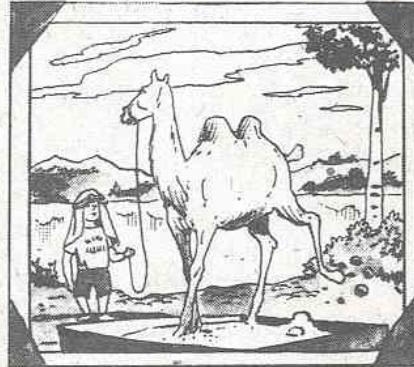
This is Ronald again. He can't play Indians and cowboys. He has lost all his arrows. They're all stuck in counselor Fenkin. I still have five bullets.



Here is Leroy. We're at a camp meeting. Leroy asks counselor Fenkin a question. Counselor Fenkin is getting tired of Leroy's questions. Leroy wants to know what number bus to take home if Fenkin is eaten by a bear.



Counselor Fenkin is smiling. He is smiling because he is happy. Why is counselor Fenkin happy? He is happy because he stopped Willy from biting his nails. Counselor Fenkin punched Willy in the face and knocked out all his teeth!



This is a camel. It belongs to a boy in my camp. I don't give a heck if the boy's name is Abdul. He'd better get his pet outta my sandbox!



That girl in the white dress is the camp nurse. She's got sexy legs. Fenkin likes to play vampires with her. I'd like to bite her in the neck, too!

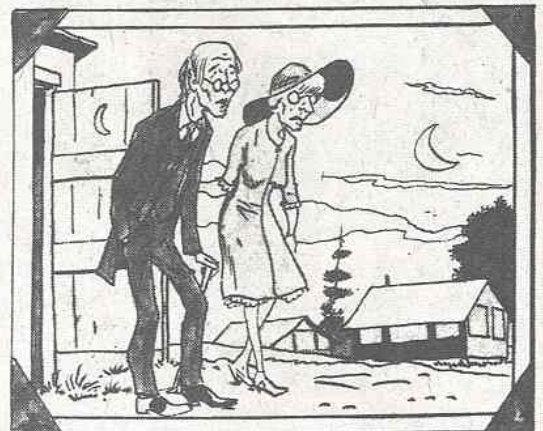


This is the pond. The pond is very deep. You can't see Ronald, but he's asking Counselor Fenkin if Sammy can go boating with us. Counselor Fenkin says Sammy has both legs in a cast. That's great-- we need an anchor!



Here are two dumb looking people. They are Waldo's parents. They can't help that. It's too late now. They're not happy. Counselor Fenkin is talking to them. Fenkin tells them Waldo hasn't got an inferiority complex-- he is inferior!

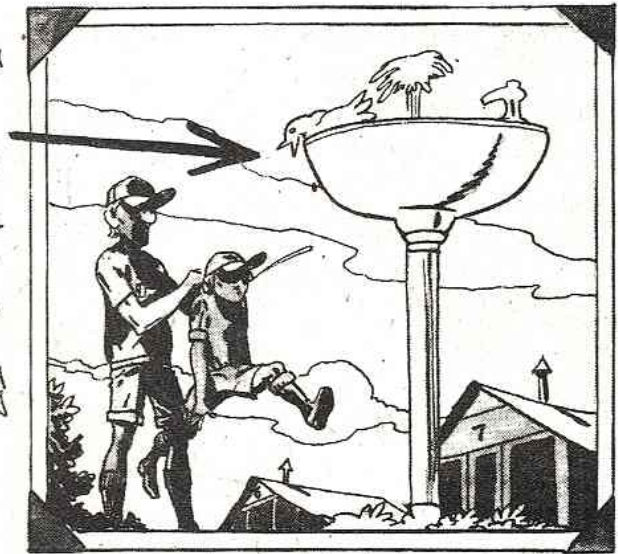
The man in the old suit and the mismatched shoes is Benton. Benton is our museum director. He likes old things. He is old. His wife is old.





Here's Ronald again. Fenkin calls Ronald a juvenile delinquent. Someday Ronald will show Fenkin what he really is. Now he's too busy. He has to sharpen his switchblade!

The skinny thing with the dead bird lying in the bowl on top of it is the water fountain. The water fountain is used for everything but drinking from.



Counselor Fenkin holds Ronald by the collar, nearby. Fenkin wants to know if Ronald was spitting into the fountain. Ronald says no--but each time he's getting closer!



The man with the yellow skin is Benton. I told you about him before. He's still old. He's not oriental. He's standing in the sunlight. Benton is mad. Some one emptied the alcohol from the specimen jars. No one knows what happened to the stuff (hic) stuff!

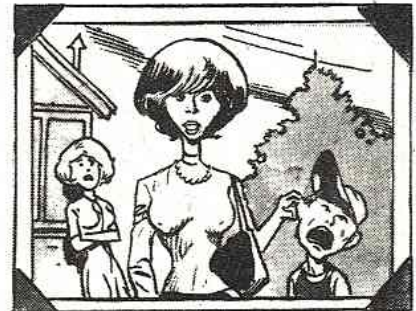


I'm up in a tree.

The thing that looks like a bird's nest with an egg in it is the top of Fritz Dumbshell's head. Fritz still has a funny look on his face. He has had that look since he broke my telescope. I think I'll forgive him. Fritz is not too bright. Yesterday he told Fenkin that he ate all the raisins off the glypaper!



Last week Grandma visited. She reminds me of one of those things in Benton's jars. She reminds me of Benton. That must have been a lousy generation.

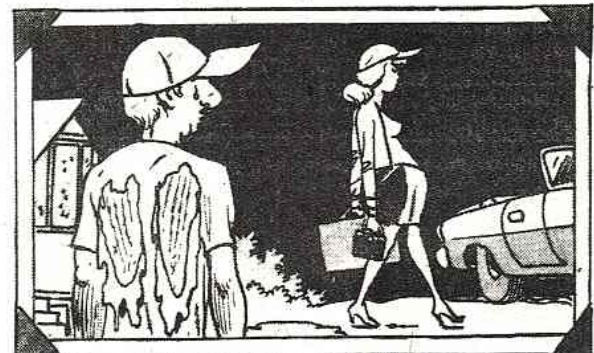


I like Mrs. Torn, Ronald's mother. The camp nurse tells Mrs. Torn that Ronald needs therapy. Mrs. Torn asks why. The camp nurse tells about the time Ronald tied Sammy to the railroad track for two bits. Mrs. Torn is outraged. She tells Ronald a job like that is worth at least a buck. Ronald says he even left Sammy a timetable.



Hey! This is me! I'm soaking wet. I'm standing in counselor Fenkin's doorway. Counselor Fenkin is smiling. Why? I tell him I fell into the sump and almost drowned. Counselor Fenkin snaps his fingers and says something to the ceiling. I think he is upset. He says to make sure I wipe my feet before entering his office.

Counselor Fenkin shakes a lot. His shirt is ripped. I think he has something.

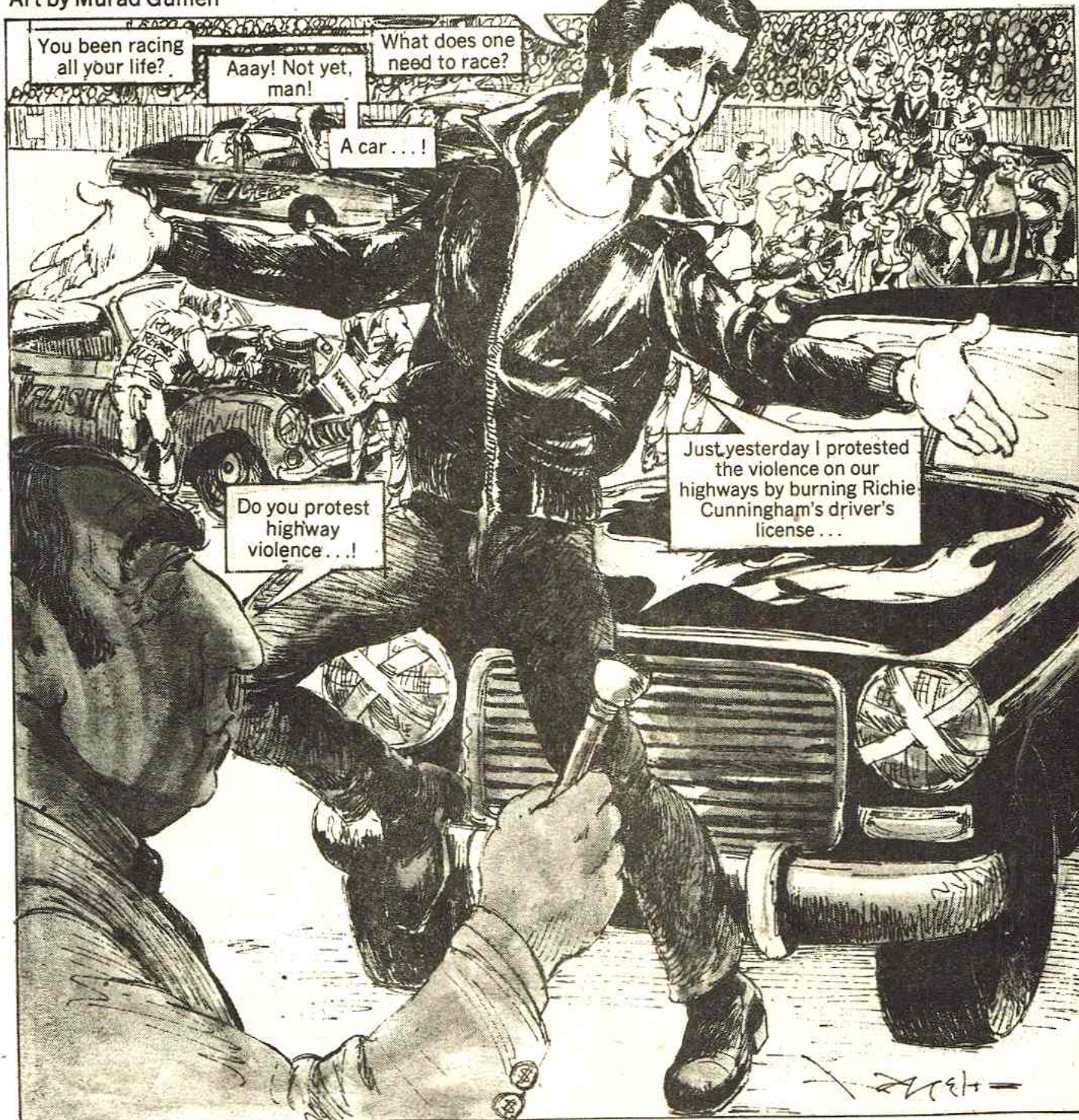


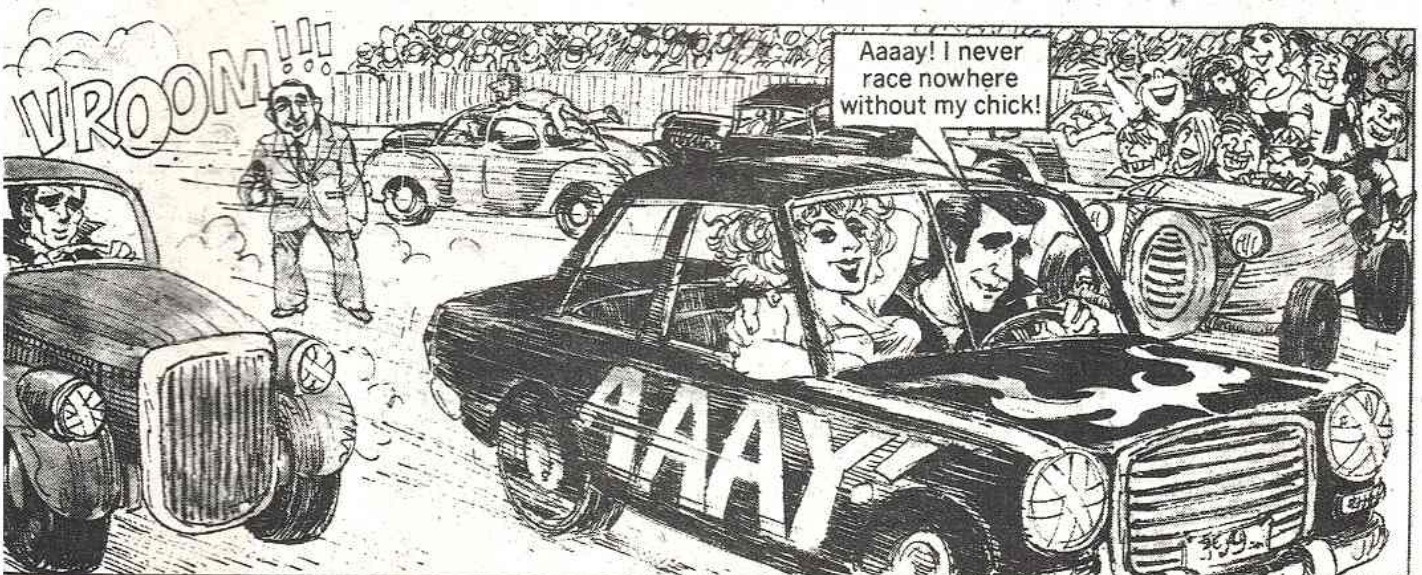
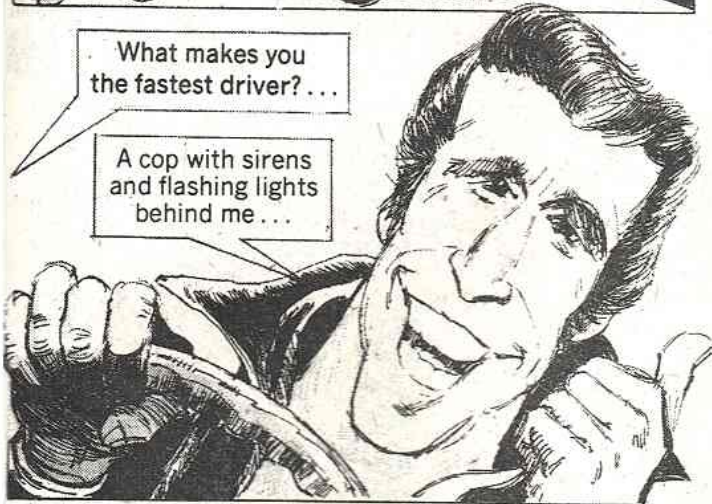
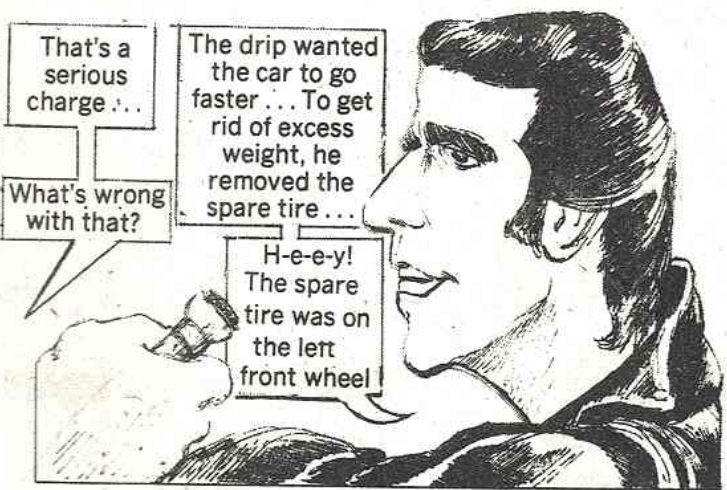
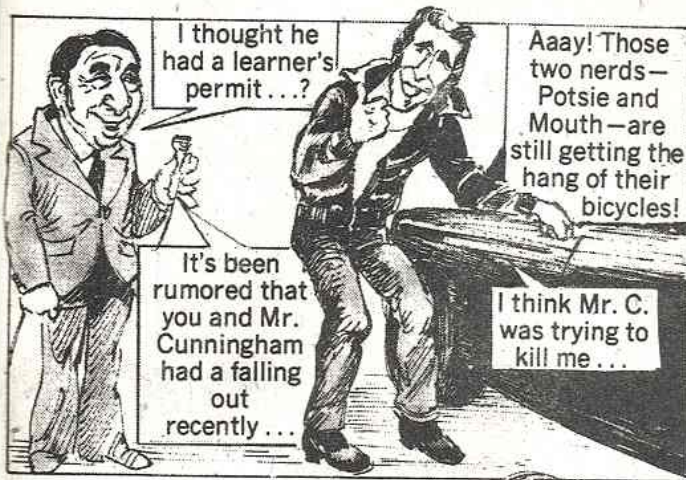
Camp nurse has something. She had to go home last week to have it. Camp nurse doesn't know as much as she thought. I think what she has is from those bites on her neck. Well, tomorrow I go home. Ronald goes home next year. Tomorrow Ronald goes to jail. Lucky Ronald.

Okay you nerds and drips out there! We thought it was about time we ran a piece on that '50's superstar of the '70's—THE FONZE! For this trash, we sent out that super reporter, who looks amazingly like Howard Cosell...

DA MOUTH INTERVIEWS DA FONZ — — — H-E-E-E-Y!

Art by Murad Gumen

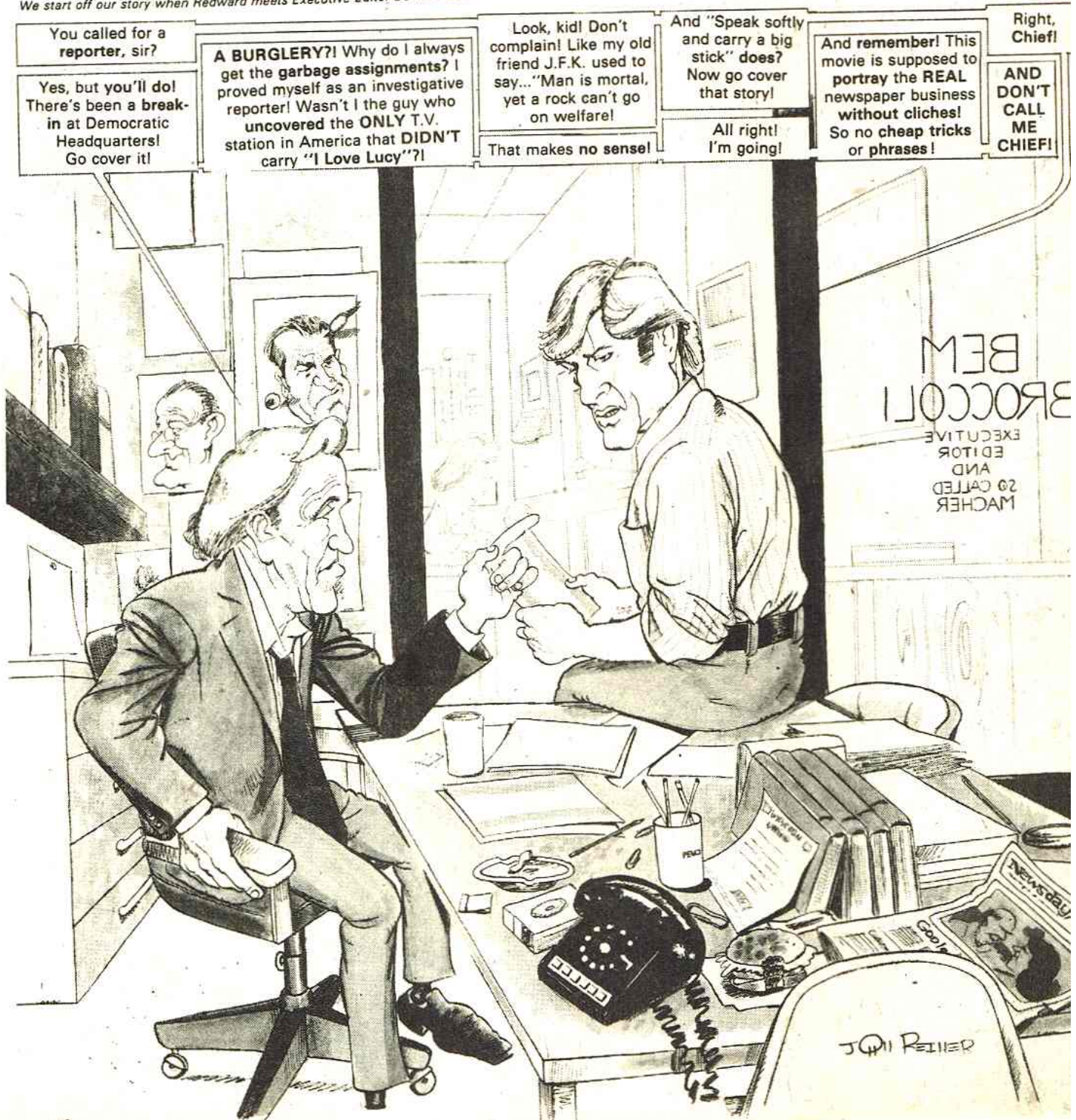




Investigative journalism's finest performance has come to light in this first rate reporter-thriller. Inspired by the exploits of WASHINGTON POST newspapermen Bernstein (DUSTIN HOFFMAN) and Woodward (ROBERT REDFORD), the film is a commercial and critical success! And now SICK unleashes its own investigative reporter John Reiner (JOHN REINER), whose latest capitol offense is this lampoon of ...

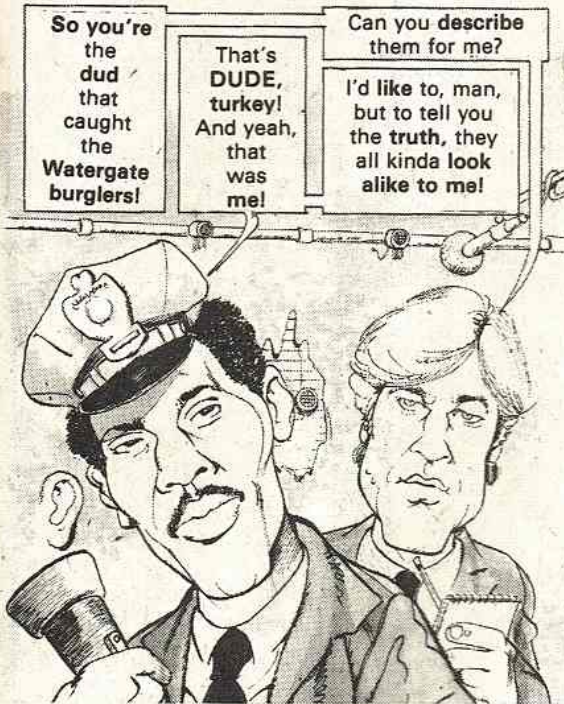
By John Reiner

We start off our story when Redford meets Executive Editor Bem Broccoli.

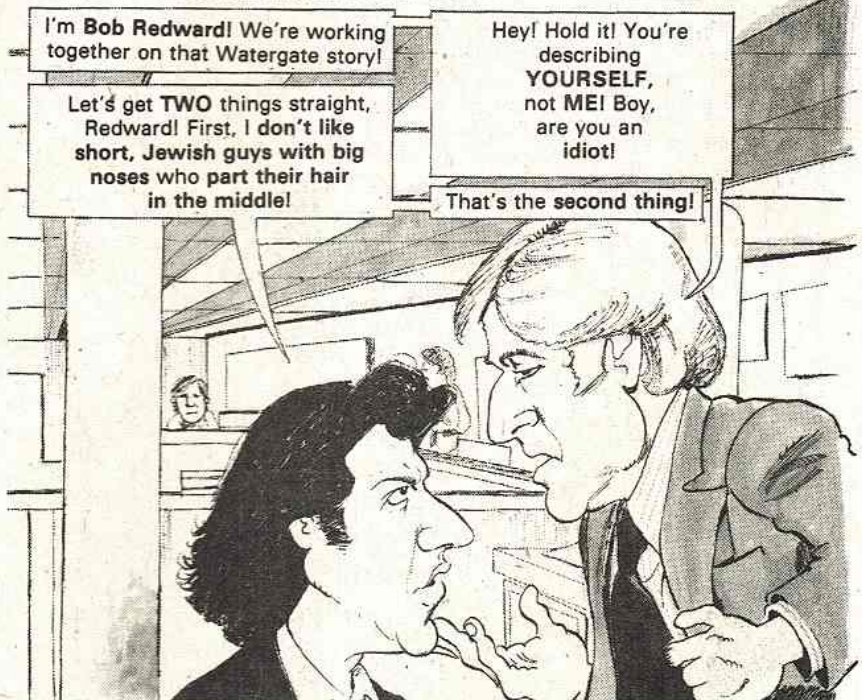


ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MENACE

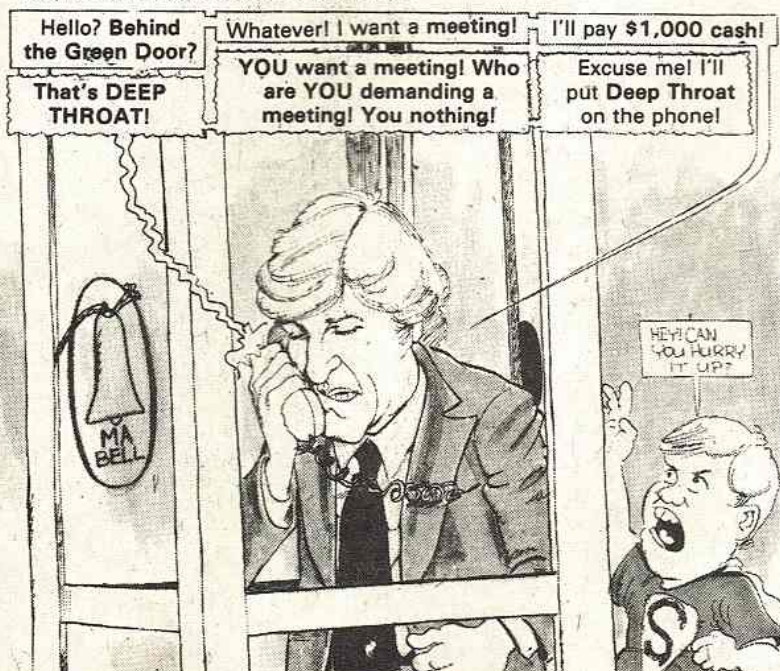
Soon, Redward interviews the Watergate guard.



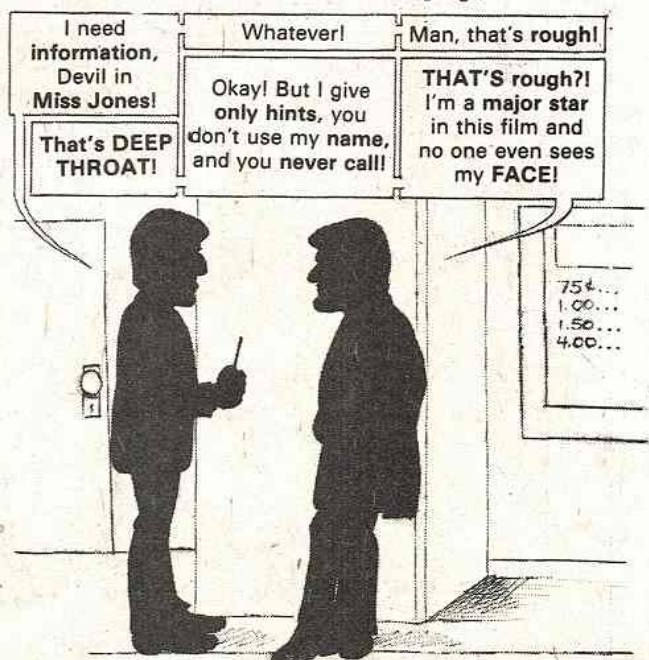
Later, Redward meets his partner Carl Hoffstein in the office.



Desperate for help, Redward calls an informer.



They finally meet in a dark, deserted downtown garage.



Hoffstein comes to the rescue.

Boyl Where did you get that list of re-election committee members?

From Kay at the office! She's having an affair with a guy from the committee!

Really? Tell her I know a good caterer!



But getting information is not as easy as Hoffstein thought.

Look, I know you've been told not to talk, so how about some clues?

Alright! Just clues! Now, tell me! Does the man who supervised the paper shredding have the initial "H"?

Uh, I'll have to give you a no! One down, nine to go!

Was the initial an "S"?

No! Two down, eight to go!

Was the initial a "T"?

I'm going to flip all the cards and tell you the initial is an "M"!



Meanwhile, back at the car... (Back at the car??)

I DID IT! I found out that Magruder was involved in this! And the Bookkeeper could sense inside, deep down, that something was wrong!

What made her think that?

His nervous attitude for one, his reluctance to speak and the fact that he had an A & P shopping bag over his head!



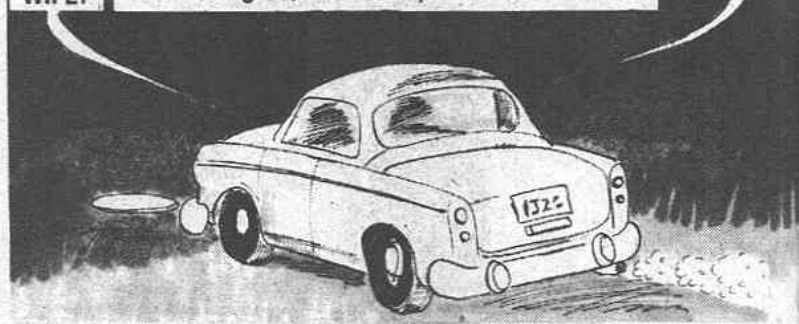
How do you know he wasn't going to make love to his WIFE?

Look, man! If I go to sleep and there's no snow on the ground, then when I wake up and there is, I can say that it snowed!

Yes, but if I see the ground dry and later see it wet, can I say it rained?

Yeah! And if I see a piece of wood and later see it in two pieces, I can say it was cut!

And if I chucked you out this car doing 85, can I have your stereo?



Redward is becoming frustrated. (Wouldn't you be if you were in this film?)

I need your help, Pictures of Dorian Gay!

That's DEEP THROAT, you clown!

Sorry! Only clues!

LOOK, I'M TIRED OF YOUR CLUES! WHY CAN'T YOU GIVE ME ANY INFORMATION? YOU SCARED?

I'm not thinking of myself! I'm thinking of FUTURE INFORMANTS!

I want to hear it all now, man! NOW!

Okay! Nixon plans to market his tapes for only \$5.98 and only \$9.98 for eight-track tapes! Haldeman and Erlichman tried to muscle in on the deal since the offer wouldn't be repeated or be sold in any store! When Nixon refused, the two tried to humiliate him by pretending Sammy Davis Jr. wasn't his MAIN MAN, played by Don Segretti in blackface...

RATES
75¢ 1 hr
1.00 1 1/2 hrs
2.00 2 hrs
4.00 5 hrs
PARK HERE
OR WE'LL BREAK
YOUR CAR!

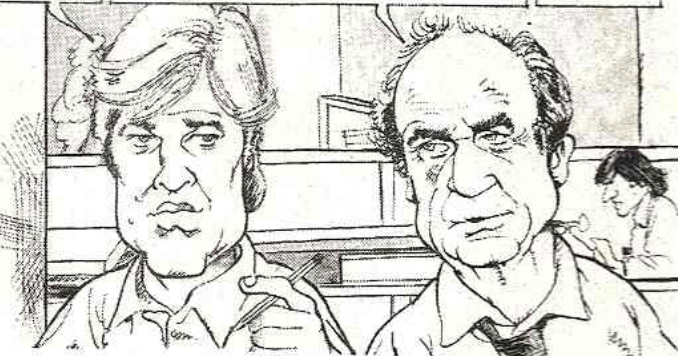


But back at the office...

Hey, Harry! Who is this guy Charles Colson?

Who's Charles Colson?! Why, he's the special council to the President! He advises Nixon on the most crucial affairs! He's in on the decision making processes! In fact, he's responsible for the improvement of life in America!

Well, no WONDER I was here!



Later, at Redward's apartment...

I met with Deep Throat today! And he made me promise never to call him up!

So how do you contact him?

I'm supposed to put a flag in a potted plant and let on my terrace!



There! That outta do it!

As Redward talks with his informer...

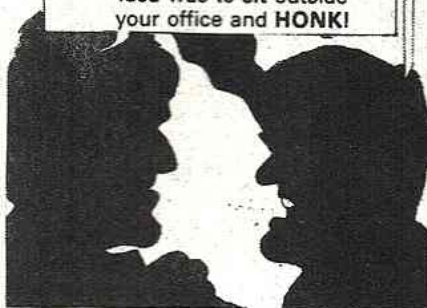
Why are you so upset, Wild Night!

That's DEEP THROAT! And what's the idea of the FLAG?!

Well, at least I didn't call!

You imbecile! You could have ruined me!

Hey! Be thankful! My other idea was to sit outside your office and HONK!



The editors at the office seem worried.

I'm worried! I mean, two guys who aren't familiar with Nixon or the White House are chasing them and the biggest politicians in Washington!

I know! Before this, Redward worked restaurant reporting! Uncovered a lot of RAT MANURE!

Okay! So ONE of them is familiar...



At a board meeting later that day...

Okay! Let's go around the room and see what we've got! Bill?

We've got that picture of Nixon picking his nose with the caption, "Digging for Votes!"

We've got that feature story on Zsa Zsa Gabor titled "Over 12 Billion Served!"

We covered the 127th annual celebration of Warsaw's independence titled "The Polish Bicentennial!"

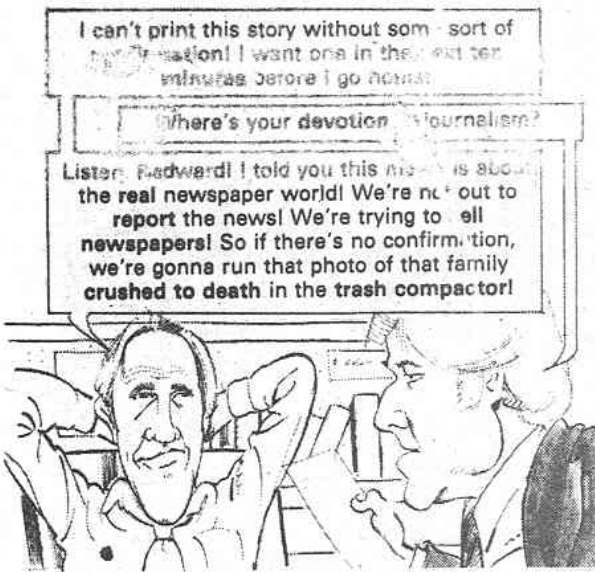
Okay, then! We're all set!

Hey! Why don't you use that Redward and Hoffstein story on illegal campaign spending?

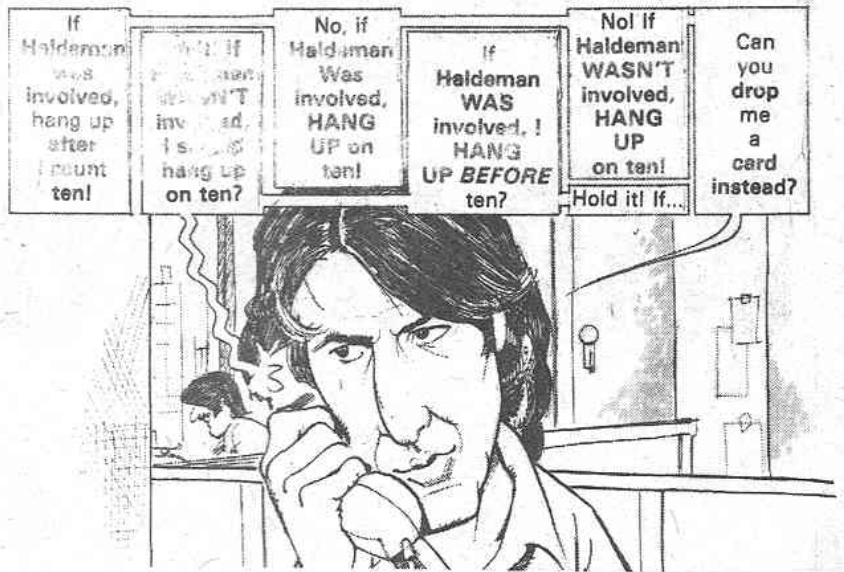
Oh, those guys! They're so... so... UNETHICAL!



Bem Broccoli is making things difficult.



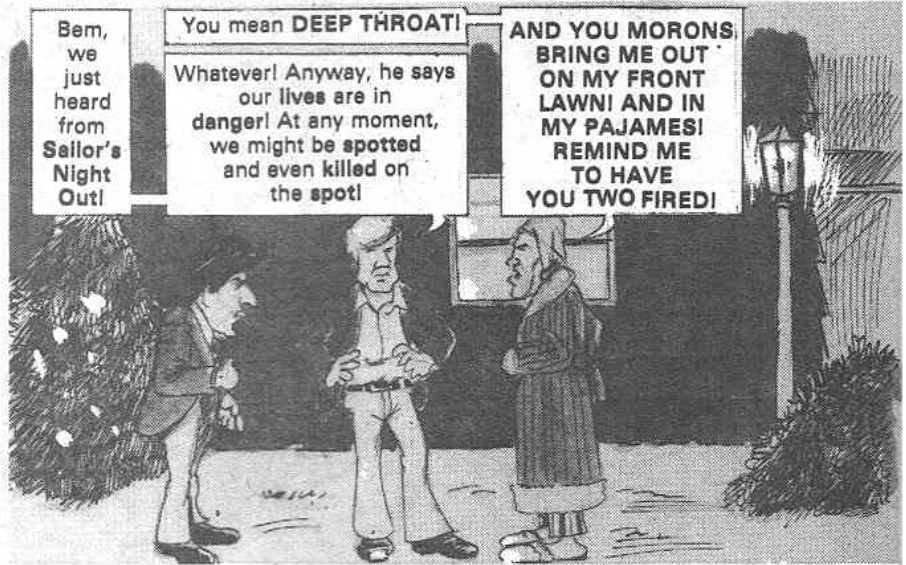
But when Hoffstein tries to get a confirmation from a source...



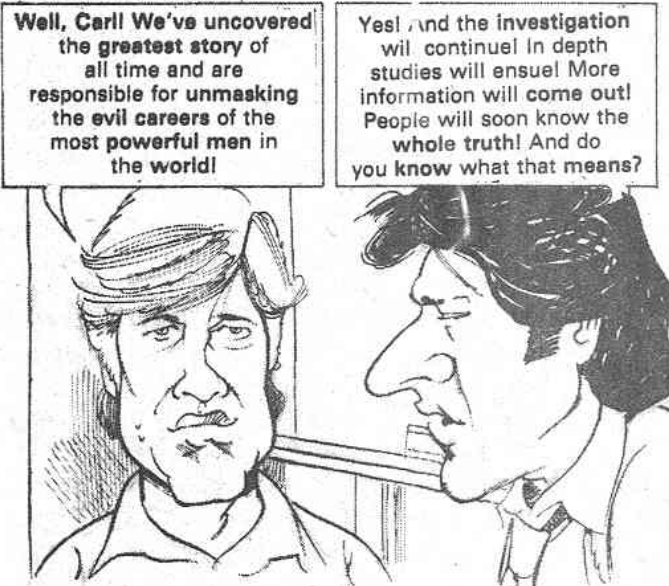
The house is bugged! Redward must TYPE his message!



Our boys go and wake up Bem Broccoli!



Finally, some satisfaction...



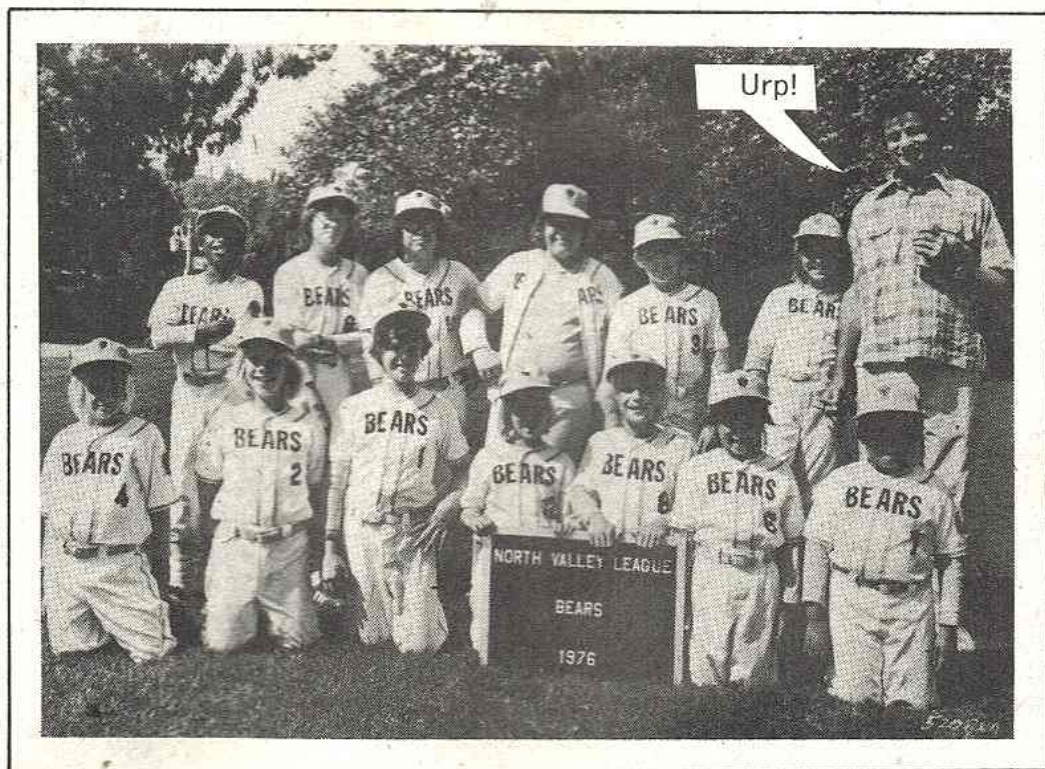
WE'LL HAVE THE MAKINGS OF A DYNAMITE SEQUEL!!



This movie is a slapstick look at born losers! It's a joyful romp you can take the whole family to see—all but the adults, who might be offended by the locker room language of the...

BAD MOUTH BEARS

Written by Jim Simon



The "Bad Mouth Bears" is not a movie about bears who suffer from offending halitosis! Nor is it a movie about bears with dental problems! The "Bad Mouth Bears" is a story about a group of misfit boys and girls and their rummy coach, Morris Buttermaker! The movie opens with Morris Buttermaker (WALTER MATTHAU) sitting in his beat-up '64 Cadillac convertible, sipping bear...er...beer. He is still swilling the brew as dawn rises above the North Valley ballfield... So does the foam in Buttermaker's glass!

A former pitcher with the San Francisco Giant's AAA farm team, Buttermaker is now pour-

ing pitchers for the AA drinking team! He claims to have once struck out Ted Williams twice in a spring training game. It was the highlight of a career that came to an end with a contract dispute—Mainly, Ted Williams' fan club got upset with Buttermaker and put out a contract on him!

Now a loner, and trying to keep his head above water, Buttermaker works as a pool maintenance man. One of his favorite pools is Dean Martin's!

"The water is so clear," Buttermaker once told Dino, "I don't believe it!"

"Believe it," said Dino, "I've got 90 Proof!"

Councilman Bob Whitewood (BEN PIAZZA) discovers Buttermaker's baseball past. He coerces Buttermaker into coaching his son's team of goof-offs, the Bears for a season of sandlot ball.

Buttermaker kicks the sand. "That's a lot to ask," he says.

But Councilman White won't have it any other way and threatens that Buttermaker had better play ball, or else!

Buttermaker is faced with the problem of transforming the group of juvenile bufoons into an adept performing unit. But after the first practice, the team's future looks dim! No one gets a hit except Buttermaker—who hits

the bottle! Eventually, Buttermaker threatens to give up. Councilman White thinks of some way to handle the situation. Luckily, being in politics, the Councilman comes up with an idea—he slips Buttermaker some under-the-table payoffs!

The opening game matches the Bears against the league champs, the Yankees. Lacking in both baseball skill and natural coordination, the Bears fumble about the field. Finally, the game is called due to the score—26 to 0 in favor of the Yankees after the first half inning!

"We were just getting started!" the Bears protest.

The disheartened Bears are soon ready to call it quits. "The Quits" is an awful name for a ball club, Buttermaker shouts. Even Councilman Whitewood, embarrassed from the trouncing, wants to disband the Bears. Everyone agrees except Buttermaker, whose competitive spirit is suddenly stirred up with a swizzle stick!

Buttermaker knows his team is in desperate need of a pitcher. He remembers a former girlfriend. She has a daughter whom Buttermaker personally taught the secrets of how to pitch spitballs, greaseballs and breakers. He visits the former girlfriend and propositions the daughter, Amanda (TATUM O'NEAL), to join the team. Amanda promptly

calls Buttermaker a "greaseball", and spits all over him. He threatens to break 'er in two unless she stops!

Now that the Bears have an ace pitcher, all they need is an ace hitter. Ace hitter comes in the form of Kelly Leak (JACKIE EARLE HALEY), a cheap imitation of Fonzi! Since the beginning of the season, Kelly could be seen daily riding around the field on his motorcycle, a crash helmet on his head, cigarette lighter in either hand.

"Hey, hood!" Buttermaker one day says, "What's the name of that motorcycle?"

"It's a Harley-Davidson," sneers back Kelly, "But I call it a Harley, cause it har'ly ever starts!"

To which Buttermaker tells Kelly to go flick his bic!

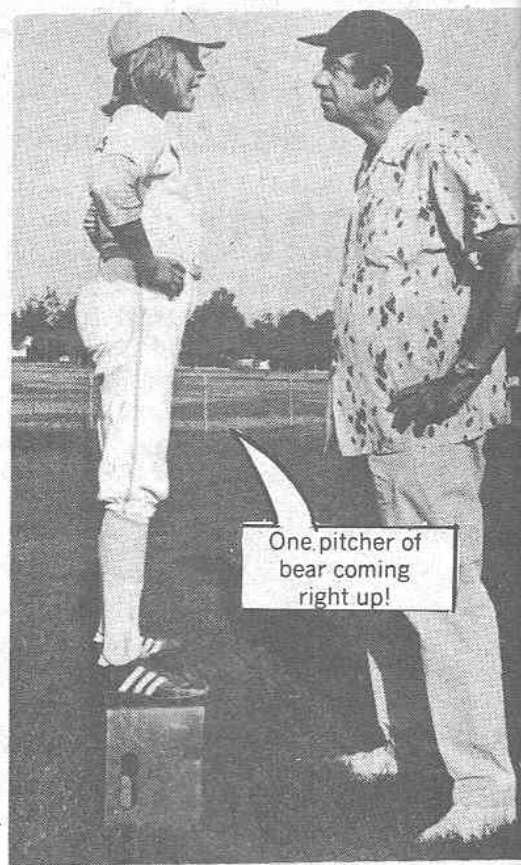
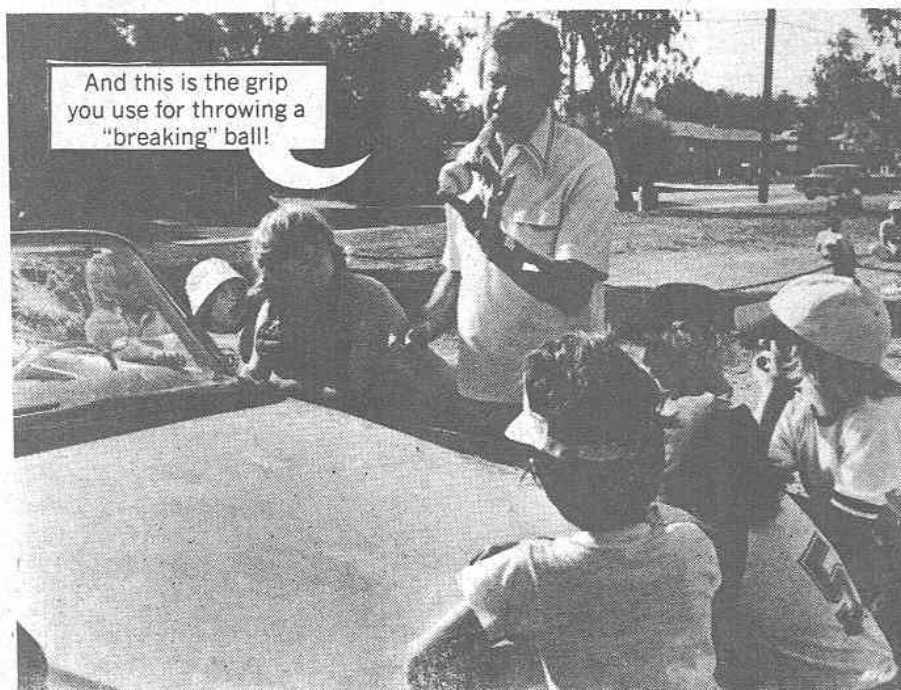
As the season progresses, Kelly hits with a vengeance and Amanda throws incredibly hard! By the end of the season Buttermaker is black and blue all over! Somehow the team ends up in second place. They are now scheduled to meet the Yankees for the title!

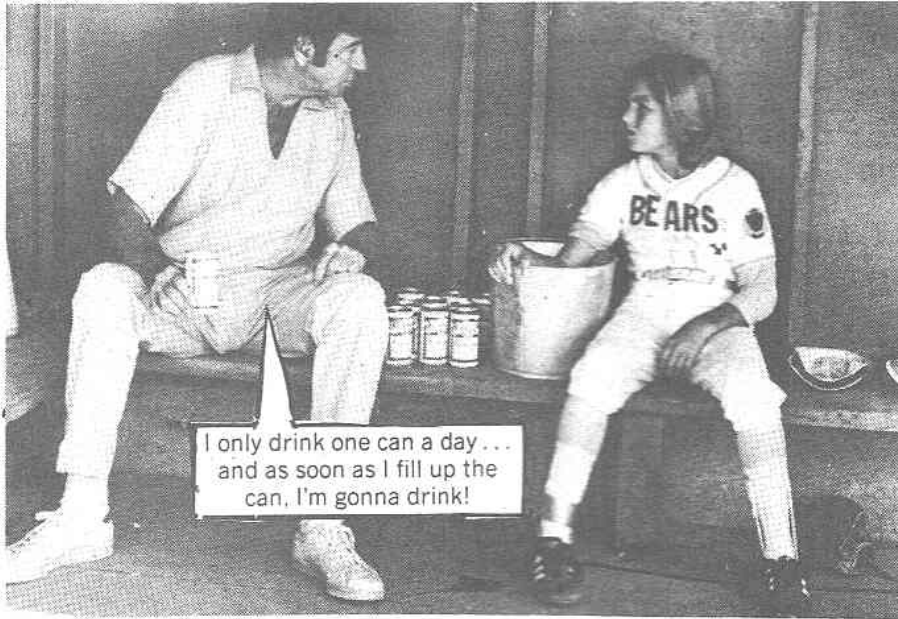
Unfortunately, two things threaten the team's chance of winning the title. One of them is the fact that Buttermaker has secretly instructed his star player, Kelly, to hog the ball—a move which has the rest of the players snorting mad! Secondly, Amanda plots to rekindle the



flame of romance between her mother and Buttermaker. When Amanda pushes too hard, Buttermaker pops his Schlitz and explodes!

There is friction in the air, but everyone shows up for the big game. The Bears muddle through the innings, playing like the shell





of the team they really are. In fact, the Bad Mouth Bears are so out of character, they even start using five-letter words!

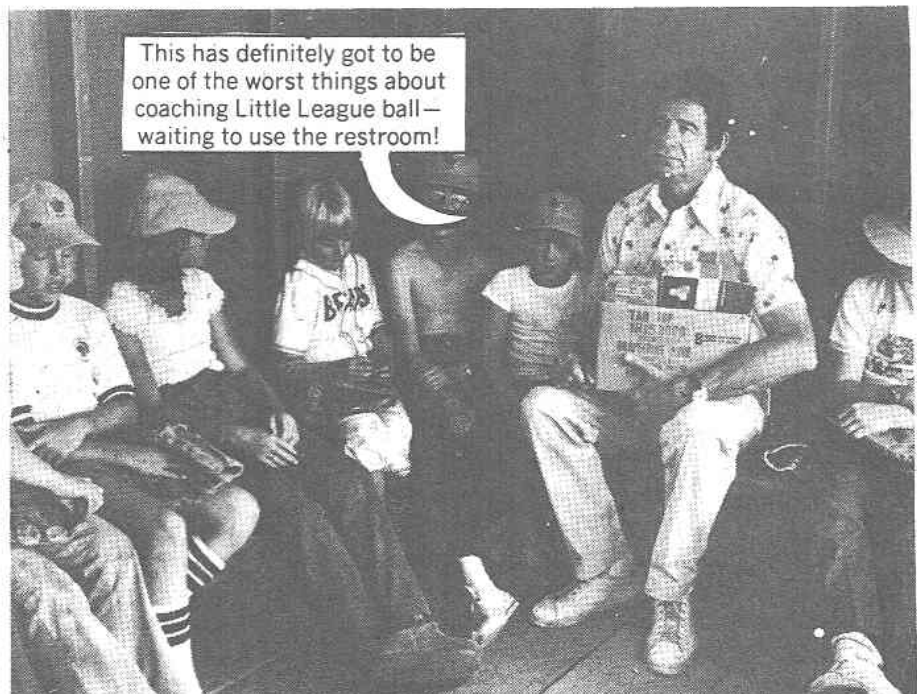
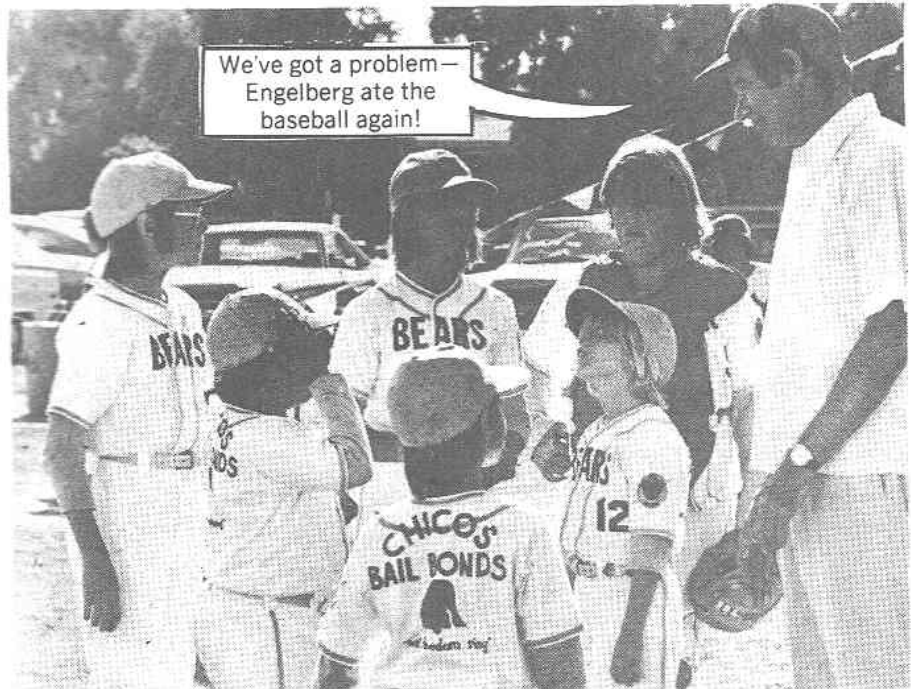
All looks flat for the Bears, especially when Amanda catches a Yankee hit on her chest! "Next time use your glove, dummy!" someone shouts. Now Buttermaker wants to win so badly that he starts pushing, shoving, and yelling at his team to beat those darn Yankees. Then he gets upset! To calm down, he goes into the locker room to throw pin darts at a picture of Leo Durocher!

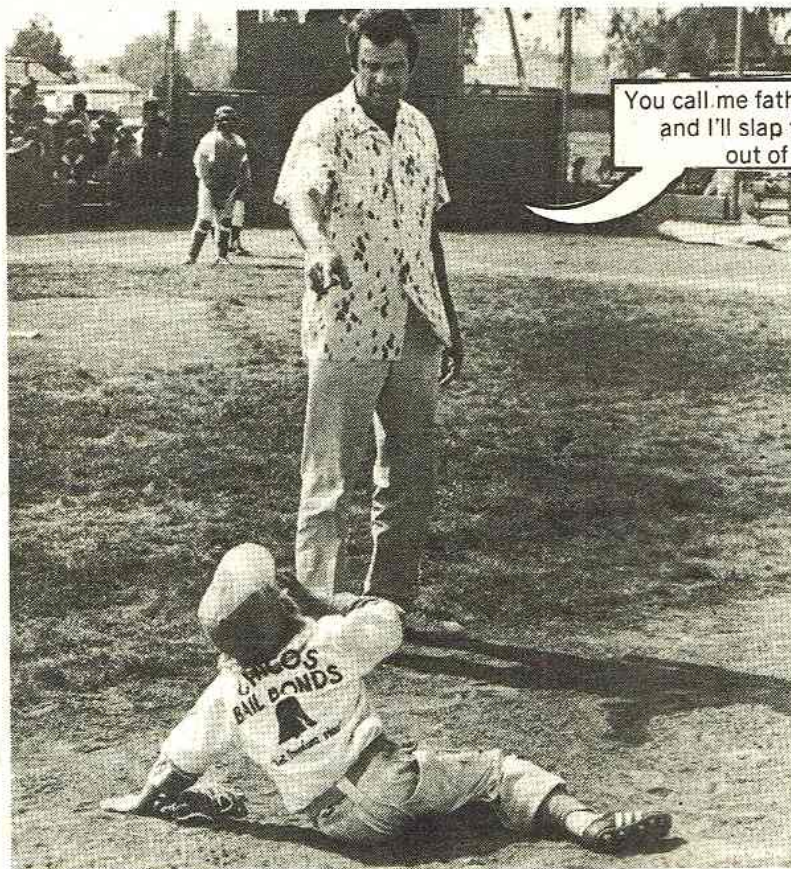
Meanwhile, bad times brew between Yankee pitcher Joey and Engelberg (GARY LEE CAVAGNARO.) Engelberg, besides gaining weight, is gaining status as one of the Bear's better hitters. Joey throws the ball at Engelberg's head. This upsets Engelberg, who shouts at Joey, "My father can beat up your father!"

"So what!" answers Joey. "So can my mother!"

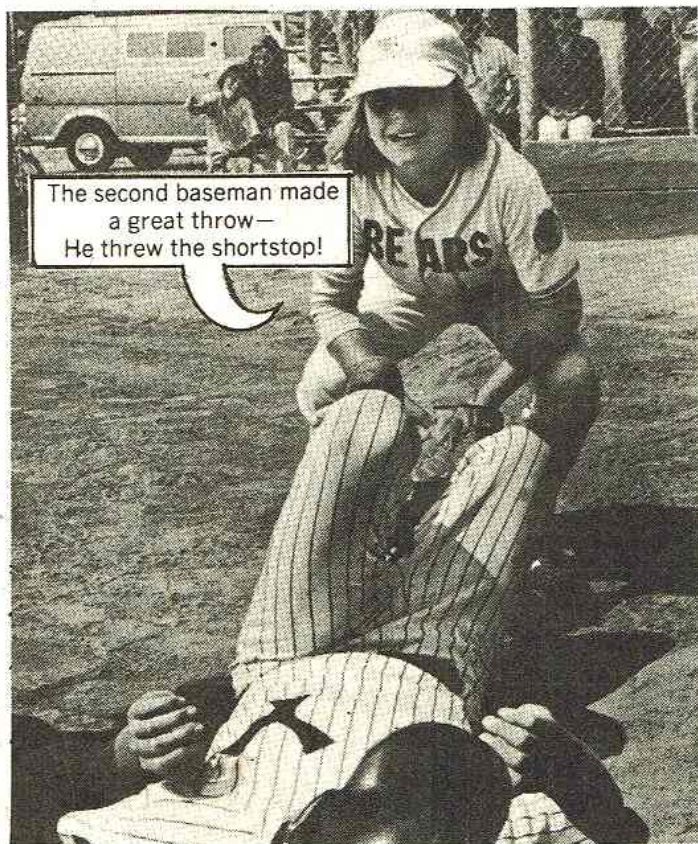
This upsets Joey's father, who rushes onto the field and slaps his son silly!

On the next play, Joey throws a pitch which is grounded right back to him. To get revenge at his father for slapping him, Joey holds the ball. Meanwhile, the Bears score! The Yankees maul Joey, trying to get the ball out of his glove, but too late! After finally dropping the ball at his astonished father's feet, Joey limps off the field.

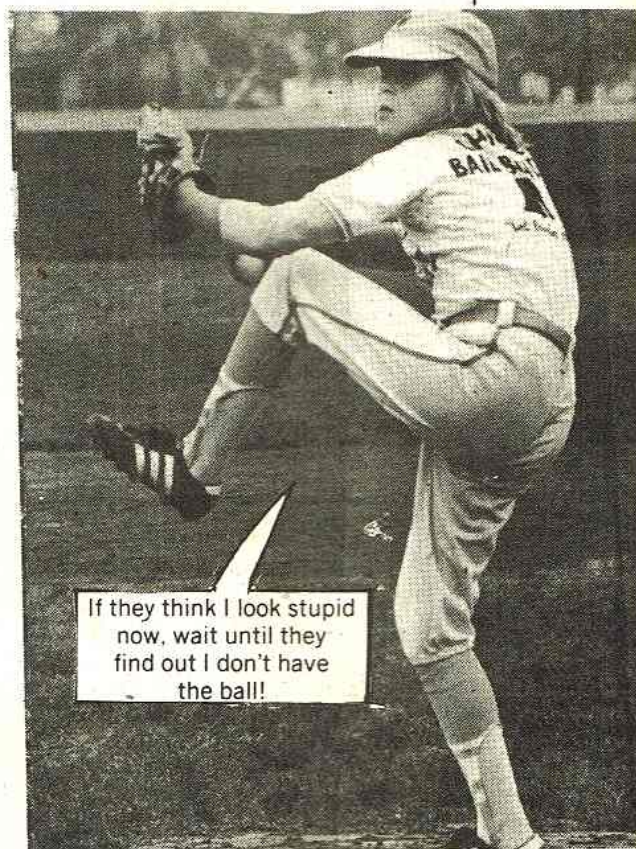




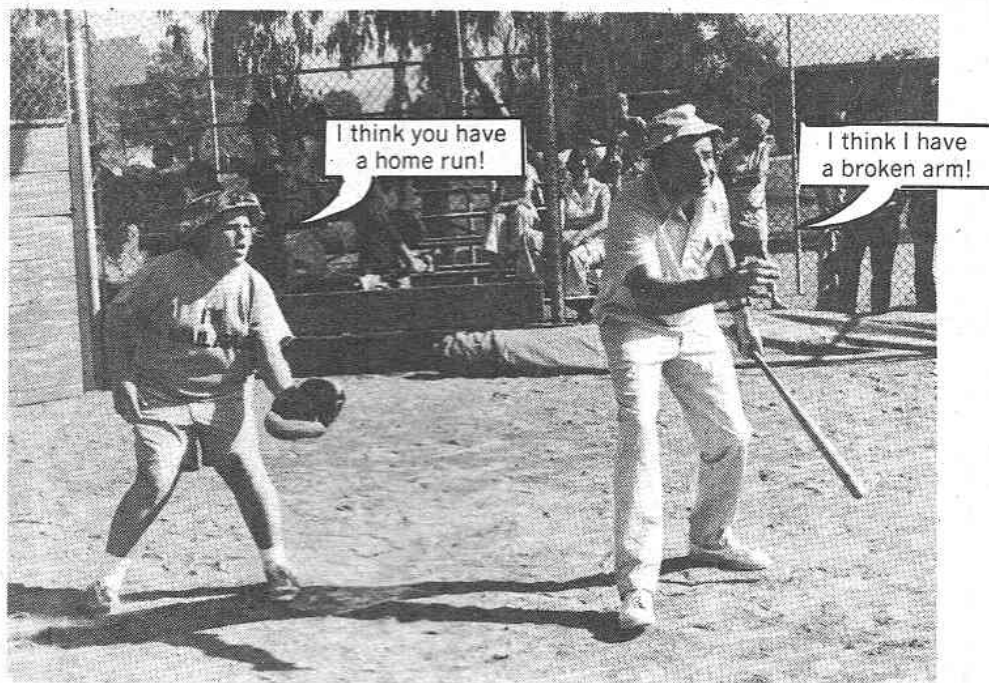
You call me father once more
and I'll slap the (Beep)
out of you!



The second baseman made
a great throw—
He threw the shortstop!



If they think I look stupid
now, wait until they
find out I don't have
the ball!



Anyway, the Bears come back to tie the game 3 to 3. In the final inning, Amanda tires, Rudi pitches relief, and the Yankees take the lead 7 to 3. At this point, Buttermaker starts to strangle several of his players!

The last inning: Two out and bases loaded! Kelly pokes an outside pitch down the rightfield line! Suddenly Ogilvie scores! ... Kelly drives for second ... Ahmad scores! ... Kelly heads for third ... Miguel scores! ... Kelly digs for home ... digs ... digs ... is all set to score except for one small detail—the Yankee

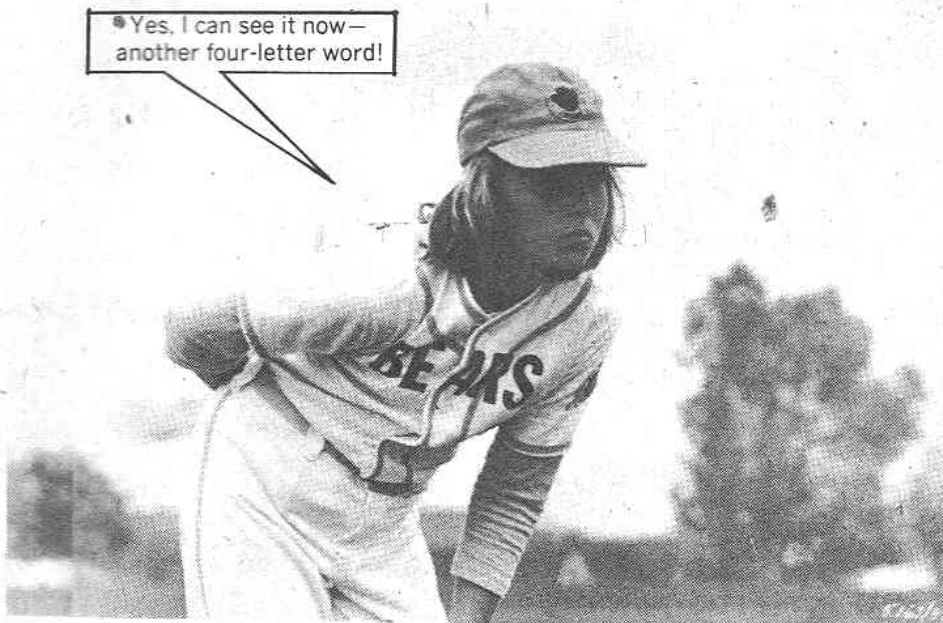
catcher is waiting for him with the ball, and the game is over! Final score:

Yankees: 7

Bears: 6

In the locker room after the game, the Bears sit around dejectedly as Buttermaker hands out bear ... er, ... beer. Coach Turner brings in some Yankees who apologize for their taunts and congratulate the Bears for their valiant effort!

Timmy Lupus stands up for the Bad Mouth Bears and shouts: "WAIT UNTIL OUR NEXT !#%##! YEAR!!!", then promptly crashes to the floor!



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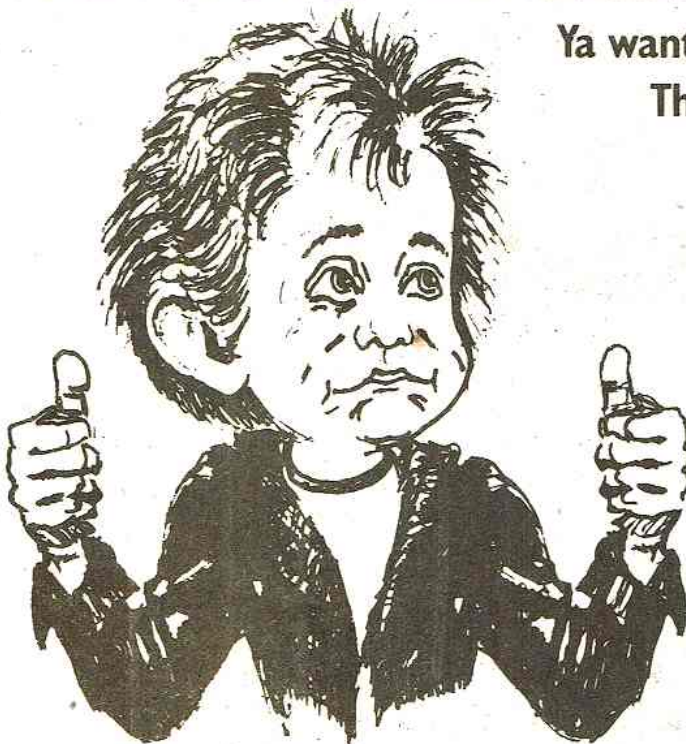
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